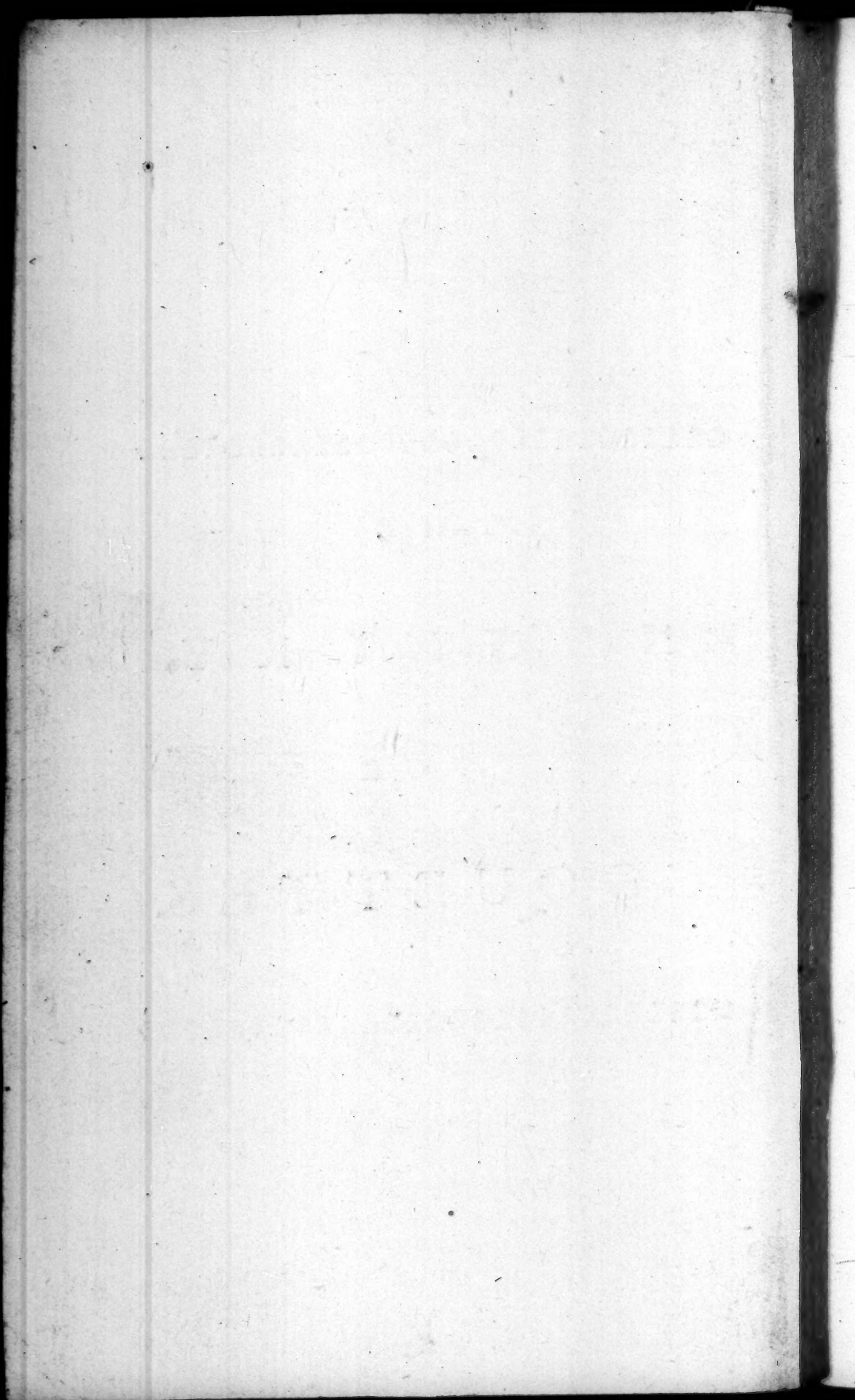


1607/5236.



THE
NUNNERY
FOR
COQUETTES.





Those who ne'er lov'd shou'd most repent
In cells of penitence and woe;
Here then retire, and quick relent,
That e'er to Man you was a foe.

ANONYMOUS.



Printed for W. and W. SMITH, J. EXSHAW,
H. SAUNDERS, W. SLEATER, J. POTTS,
D. CHAMBERLAIN, J. WILLIAMS,
J. HOEY jun. J. PORTER and T. WALKER.

M DCC LXXI.

THE
UNION

COGNETTES

THE
UNION
COGNETTES



TO THE
R E A D E R.

COquettry is a vice so prevalent and fashionable in the female world, that it calls aloud for public censure; and the fatal consequences of it to both sexes are so great and numerous, that they cannot be too strongly displayed. We have now no periodical work

To eye Nature's walk, shoot Folly as it flies,
And catch the living manners as they rise.

The design of the following sheets is, therefore, to point out to the Ladies the danger and folly of persevering in the present polite, but fatal plan of conduct, so generally followed by the
most

most beautiful of their sex. If they did but know with how much contempt the sensible part of mankind view a *professed Coquette*, they would shudder at having ever adopted that character. There is something so shocking to delicacy, so inconsistent with a genuine and refined passion, so opposite to the pure dictates of untainted love, in aiming at *universal conquest*, that no woman, who proposed secluding to herself a *male friend* upon honourable terms for life, would, after a moment's reflection, pursue a track, that must make her ridiculous, and terminate in her misery.

The object of this performance being, then, to display this fashionable error, so universally prevalent, in the most glaring colours; and as this vice has been finely ridiculed by many of the best modern writers; the assistance of such eminent pens will be called in, and the most admired essays that have been produced upon the subject will be selected, and united to several original

original pieces, written by a gentleman who has obtained some celebrity in the annals of literature, with several striking portraits of the most celebrated Coquettes of the present period.

By thus collecting into one point of view the sentiments of these celebrated authors with those original strictures and remarkable characters, it is hoped the female world will, in a faithful mirror, see their own images with impartiality, as they are depicted without flattery or disguise.

After having taken this survey of their *self-distorted features*, if they can still approve of the likeness, this gentle satire will speedily be strengthened, and they will be compelled to swallow a dose of alteratives far less palatable.

In fine, such of those Ladies who repair to the Nunnery and repent, will have their real names concealed; but if they pursue the same *wicked courses* hereafter, they may rely upon it, that in the next edition of this work, not a letter of their rank or title will be suppressed;

pressed; but they will be handed down to posterity at full length, in the group of *incorrigible Coquettes*. Many of the old and ugly we expect will turn Methodists and escape; as they cannot, with the slightest ray of common sense, peruse this volume, without *reading their recantation*—at least in private.

Bath,
Oct. 20, 1770.

The EDITOR.



N U N N E R Y

F O R

C O Q U E T T E S.

L U X U R Y of every kind
hath risen to such a height,
from various causes *, that
almost every station of life
seems to have moved from
its primitive state. The artizan and me-
chanic, who formerly thought themselves
perfectly happy over a pot of home-

* Among the foremost of these, we may proba-
bly rank the great fortunes that have been amassed
in Asia, and those by commissaries and contractors in

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the

brewed, now consider malt liquor beneath them, and scarce ever pass an evening without quaffing the juice of the grape, or Ashley's staple commodity; the tradesman apes the merchant, the merchant the gentleman, and this the nobleman: So that it is not at all surprising to see such a number of *Whereas's* in the Gazette, or that our prisons should be crowded with debtors. Nor has this ambitious phrenzy made less havock in the female word; on the contrary, being blended with the natural vanity of the sex, every woman with a tolerable face fancies herself a goddess or an angel, and considers it as beneath her divinity to think of man, but as a slave, forced to obey, and destined to wear her chains. Indeed the conduct of the men, when they pay their addresses, is generally so romantic and extravagant, that it is not at all astonishing the ladies believe literally what the gentlemen mean only as mere

the late war in Germany; which latter have not only impoverished the people, but excited them to follow the examples of their betters; and, through a taste for dissipation, are prevented regaining, by honest industry, what they have been despoiled of by these *caterpillars* of the state. Lotteries, horse-racing, and public diversions, may also with propriety be added to the list.

flat-

flattery, and justly punish them for their falsehood and dissimulation.

Were the guilty only punished, there would be no reason to complain; but the innocent are equally involved in the consequences; and even the ladies themselves are in the end, by this conduct, the greatest sufferers.

A woman who fancies herself much superior to what she really is, coquets and trifles with those suitors whom she probably might have, in order to search for a husband among a superior rank in life; when, perhaps, neither her fortune, her person, or her station, impartially considered, justly entitle her to such a match as is within her power. A tradesman's daughter, who, probably, has not five hundred pounds to her fortune, will fancy herself qualified to marry a member of parliament at least: She would turn up her nose at a tradesman, and imagines every thing on the east side of Temple Bar has a different smell to the polite purlieus of St. James's. Miss's mamma praises her complexion, bids her hold up her head, and remember the Gunnings made their fortune by their persons. These *fatal lucky* examples have been the ruin of half the sex; such miraculous success

B 2
having

having taken place once in a century, every girl that has had a civil thing said to her believes she is to wed a duke. After having been the proper term of years at the boarding-school, an expence her father can probably very ill spare, mamma takes her to Ranelagh, to shew her the world. A few rounds in this Mill of folly turns the girl's brain : She sees lady Betty Idle coquet it with lord Dimple ; she resolves to imitate that sweet creature, and longs for an opportunity to be *en famille* with a nobleman. A constant attendance at Ranelagh, the play-houses, the watering places, and the like, in a short time ruin the father : he becomes a bankrupt, and Miss's *imaginary Ladyship* is reduced to the wash-tub.

Such examples are daily to be pointed out ; and though the consequences are not alike fatal to all women, it is certain that ambition and vanity have made more female penitents than all the rakes and debauchees put together :

“ ——— In pride their errors lies ;
 “ All quit their spheres, and rush into the
 “ skies.”

If a woman would seriously sit down and reflect how few among the number
 of

of her acquaintance, have married beyond their own rank and fortune, compared to those who have married beneath it; she would not trifle away her time, in pursuit of an imaginary state, which she never will attain, and reject those opportunities of being happy, which offer themselves. Besides, suppose it were her lot to wed a man of superior rank, must felicity ensue from that source? Look up to the most elevated stations in life, and see if marriage is there accompanied with peculiar charms. A man of fashion naturally runs into the fashionable foibles of the age; and a nobleman without a mistress might as well be without his coronet; they are the necessary ornaments and appendages of rank: And would any woman of sense prefer being the wife, that is, the *nominal domestic female*, to a man who was universally known to prefer another woman, rather than be the admired consort, the sole object of all the wishes, of a man of sense, in such a situation of life as was suited to her own? Besides, where a woman marries only for fortune, a man will necessarily twit her with her former situation, and upon every occasion upbraid her;

for as he only married her, like Sir *John Brute*, to lie with her, after the honeymoon is over there will be no affection on either side; and he will avail himself of every argument to apologize for his infidelities.

As to a professed *Manhater*, I do not believe there is such a female existing: Pride and revenge have made many a woman declare eternal war against our sex; but they never play off these batteries of invective, till they have played off all their artillery of attractions without success. No woman ever pretended to be a *Manhater* under forty-five, which seems to be as cabalistical a number in love as it is in politics; and I have known a female, after being the most arrant coquette in town, as soon as she had attained that critical year, turned prude, and declare she would never speak to a man again as long as she lived. Alas! poor *Dorinda*, her glass was but too faithful; and she saw that the fragments of those charms, which had been fruitlessly exerted to their utmost pitch five-and-twenty years, could now no longer promise conquest in a man her pride would not disapprove.

FLIR.

FLIRTILLA is now three-and-thirty; but having stuck at two-and-twenty for these eleven years, she has by dint of repeating her age so often, persuaded herself into a belief that it is real; and in all probability she will never alter this opinion. Her mother first taught her the great art of improving her complexion, and her real face has never been seen since she was twelve years old. No woman understands the language of the eyes beyond Flirtilla; the manœuvre of the fan seems her peculiar province; and she catches the most favourable opportunity of venting the last conquering sigh beyond any coquette in England. Among the number of her conquests, she reckons a prince of the blood, three dukes, four marquisses, six earls, and seven baronets, besides commoners: Yet Flirtilla will most probably (mortifying reflection!) die a maid.

LAURA has many recommendations. Her person is elegant though not handsome; her complexion has received no advantages from art or nature; but she has eyes that might move an anchorite. Wherever she goes, the buzz

is, "Who is that fine brunette?" The women are astonished that the men can notice a woman with such a skin; yet they envy her success; and whilst they discover faults in every part of her person she has more dangles at Bath, Scarborough, and Brighthelmston, than any other belle within the gay circle. Laura aims at a coronet: She has forty thousand pounds to her fortune, which she thinks would be lost out of the environs of St. James's or Grosvenor-square. Laura, beware, that your fortune is not wedded instead of your person, and that you do not barter felicity for a title—an *empty sound*!

ELEANORA is a coquette of a different stamp: She is a professed *Salamander*. She braves the men and all their artifices; she gives the lie to scandal, and is not afraid of acknowledging she has had a *tête-à-tête* with S—— or Lord M——. The greater the rake, the more she is upon her guard; her reigning maxim being, that no woman can be ruined against her will. This levity in her behaviour has, however, prevented any man yet making her a serious proposal; and whilst she holds the whole
male

male sex at defiance, they will not capitulate to her upon honourable terms.

Poor JULIA! had it not been for the example of Eleanora, you might still have ranked a Coquette of character. There was too much of the soft feeling of sympathy in your tender heart to follow her example: Nature never meant you for a Salamander. You possess those sensations which were implanted in the dear sex for universal felicity; you relied too much upon your own fortitude; and fell a martyr to your false heroism. The cruel betrayer has forsaken thee; but the world must pity what it once esteemed; and that villian G—— has met his fate in Annabella: She avenges your cause, and rules with despotic sway over a heart that braved the magic of the sex.

MATILDA, the envy of her sex, is universally called the *Successful Coquette*. Daughter of an iron-founder in the Borough, and entitled to but a small fortune, she surpassed the most distinguished toasts at Tunbridge, Margate, and Cornelys's: Yet she was upon the decline before she made a real conquest, worthy her attention. At length Lord Squander danced with her at Almack's; he approved her

person, though plump; and still more her fortune, though slender. He married her for the same reason as Sir Francis Wrong-head wanted a place——*because his estate was out at the elbows.* But the honeymoon has been for some time over, and she has this disagreeable alternative only in perspective: She must either return to her mother, and pine a *widowed wife* upon a paltry separate maintenance, or be offended with the taunts of a rival, and her husband's mistress, in the person of her own waiting-maid. It is, nevertheless, imagined her Ladyship will rather bear the insult than make a *retreat*; being resolved to try the effects of the most *high-seasoned Coquetry*, in hopes of reclaiming him. But Matilda, it is a dangerous experiment, and the *remedy* may prove more *fatal* than the *disease*.

FLAVELLA departed this life last week, after a career of thirty years professed coquetry. She had made more conquests, captivated more hearts, and destroyed more *swains* (*in her own opinion*), than all her sex besides: Yet she died a maid; and though it is said by a celebrated French author, *that the last sighs of a fine woman are more for the loss of beauty than of life*, Flavella lamented
only,

only, that she was to lead apes in hell:
 " Alas! said she, in the agonies of death,
 " that I could but survive this malady,
 " to convince mankind that I have re-
 " pented! that the flaunts, the airs,
 " the ogles, the wantoning with hearts,
 " are but too severely punished on our-
 " selves! I feel it now. O! that I had
 " been happily united to a worthy man!
 " and many such have offered. If,
 " Nanny, (said she to her weeping cham-
 " bermaid) I were to lead my life over
 " again, it should be directly opposite
 " to my past conduct"—and expired.
 Such was the last dying speech and con-
 fession of the most high-bred coquette
 that has departed this life for many
 months. Let it be a *memento* to the rest
 of her sex.

LAMENTINA has escaped the
 fate of Flavella: She had followed the
 same course, and had been nearly as cri-
 minal. She verged upon fifty, and re-
 peated with the poet,

" Vows of virginity should well be weigh'd;
 " Too oft they're cancel'd, tho' in convents
 made."

She had many good offers made to her,
 but they were all refused; and it was
 now too late to expect any such similar
 pro-

propofals. Hilario, worn out in the fervice of Mars and Venus, offered his hand, ferioufly propofed marriage, and ſhe *did not* refuſe him. Lamentina, the once-beautiful, the ſtill-witty Lamentina, is funk into a nurſe, when ſhe thought to be a wife: She has married a *patient*, inſtead of a *huſband*.

But leſt I ſhould tire my readers with too many examples drawn from my fair countrywomen, I will next exhibit, for their entertainment and inſtruction, the picture of an Oriental Coquette, drawn in the Eaſtern ſtyle.

ZULIMA, the daughter of Abukazan, was formed for pleaſure, and finiſhed for delight. She was tall as the towering palm, and ſtrait as the loſty pine. Her countenance was animated with the glow of health, and her ſmile was as the dawn of the vernal day. Symmetry was diſcernible in every limb, in every geſture Grace. The hearts of the young men bounded with joy at her approach. They declared ſhe was fairer than an Houri; and even the daughters of the land confeſſed ſhe was beautiful.

Yet with all her perſonal advantages, Zulima, though ſhe excited admiration, could not attract eſteem. She was thought-

thoughtless and volatile, fantastical and capricious, and so giddy with the intoxicating fumes of adulation, that she spent the greatest part of her time in changing the position of her vestments, and altering the arrangement of her jewels. Sometimes she braided her jetty tresses, which were black as the feathers of the raven, and turned them up under a muslin, bordered with silver and gold; sometimes she suffered them to flow carelessly on her shoulders, over an azure robe, and placed new-blown roses on her forehead, which was as spacious as a full moon. Sometimes she threw a transparent veil over her, but practised a thousand arts to make it rise and fall, and discover to the enamoured gazer, teeth white as the tusks of the elephant, lips red as the ruby of Ava, cheeks tinged with the blushes of the morning, and eyes piercing as those of the eagle.

While she was reclined on a sofa, one evening, after a sultry day, under a pavillion in the garden of her father Abukazan, and lay ruminating on methods to encrease her charms, and extend her conquests, she saw a thick smoke rise out of the ground. It curled like a vine, and ascended like a column.— While she was earnestly watching its progress,

14 N U N N E R Y F O R

gress, a little Old Man, with a beard whiter than snow, which reached to his feet, appeared before her. "Zulima, "said he, listen to the voice of instruction, and let not the accents of reproach be disregarded. I am the Genius Abdaric. I behold thy beauties with delight. Be not therefore vain, for "know I behold them with concern. I "am come from the bottom of the earth, "to teach thee wisdom, and to snatch "thee from destruction. Follow my "advice and be happy. Thou vainly "fanciest, unthinking Zulima, that the "fame of thy beauty will be wasted to "the pinnacles of Agra, by the sighs of "thy adorers, and that their applauses "will be heard from the Cliffs of Taurus "to the Indian Ocean. Thou dost not "consider, frail child of the dust, that "thou art subject to the most loathsome "distempers. Thou dost not consider, "that a leprosy may render thee an object of detestation, and that the springs "of life may be poisoned by maladies "innumerable. If the Angel of Benevolence should intercede for thee at the "throne of the Great Alla; if the Governor of the Universe should command "the clouds of Sickness never to burst "upon thy head, yet no interceding Angel

"gel can rescue thee from the gripe of
 "Age, and disengage thee from the ta-
 "lons of Decrepitude. Thy love-dart-
 "ing eyes must lose their lustre, and
 "grow dim with years: Thy blooming
 "cheeks must be shrivell'd like autumnal
 "leaves; and thy graceful body must
 "be bent like the bow of the hunter.
 "Thy admirers will then shun thee with
 "as much caution as they would the
 "mouth of a famished tyger, or the jaws
 "of a hungry crocodile; and start from
 "thee affrighted as if they had felt the
 "sting of a scorpion, or the puncture
 "of an asp. Then wilt thou be the
 "unhappiest of women. Thou adornest
 "with too much sollicitude thy outward
 "form, which will perish like a garment
 "devoured by the moth, and which will
 "be smote by the arrows of death, as
 "grass is levelled by the scythe of the
 "mower, whilst thy mind, which will
 "endure for ever, resembles the barren
 "mountain, or the uncultivated desert,—
 "Think therefore, O daughter of plea-
 "sure, ere it is too late. Reflect, whilst
 "thou art capable of reflection. I am
 "come from the bottom of the earth, to
 "make thee wiser, better, and even more
 "lovely.—Watch thy behaviour with the
 "strictest

" strictest vigilance, and let not the slight-
 " est signs of pride, levity, or self-admi-
 " ration, be preceptible in thy looks, thy
 " actions, or thy words. Seem not to
 " be conscious of thy charms, and they
 " will beam forth with redoubled splendor.
 " Forget that thou art fairer than other
 " women, and thou wilt be the fairest
 " among them. Be not over-studious to
 " make thy neck shine with the glossy
 " pearls of Manar, and thy hair glitter
 " with the diamonds of Golconda. Be
 " neat in thy person, be plain in thy ap-
 " parel. Simplicity is beyond magnifi-
 " cence. Loveliness wants not the aid of
 " ornament, but is, when unadorned,
 " adorned the most. Do not hang over
 " fountains for the pleasure of seeing thy
 " image reflected in them.—Such a desire
 " can only be prompted by vanity, and
 " ought therefore to be suppressed. Cen-
 " sure not thy virgin companions, because
 " they have not the same external at-
 " tractions thou art favoured with, for
 " they may be possessed of accomplish-
 " ments superior to thine, though they
 " are not so conspicuous. Behold this ta-
 " lisman; view it with attention: it is
 " the talisman of truth, made with the
 " finest crystal, and so wonderfully con-
 " structed,

"struck, that it will not only shew thee
 "what thou art, but what thou shouldst
 "be. When thou resemblest in every
 "respect the character I have drawn for
 "thee, thou wilt appear in the most ami-
 "able light: but when any irregular pas-
 "sion, or any vicious inclination takes
 "possession of thy heart, and stimulates
 "thee to commit an unbecoming, or an
 "immoral action, thou wilt see thyself in
 "the most odious colours. Thou wilt be
 "changed into a monster of ugliness. In
 "such circumstance think on me. Repent,
 "reform, and thou wilt be restored to
 "thy pristine beauty." When the Ge-
 "nius had uttered the last word, he put
 the talisman into her hand, and instantly
 disappeared, with the pillar of smoke,
 but left a scent behind him grateful as the
 evening breeze which plays among the
 Sabæan spices, or the fragrant gale which
 flutters upon the gum-distilling trees of
 Arabia.

Zulimâ's astonishment at the sudden
 appearance of the Genius, deprived her
 of the powers of speech, but the various
 emotions which she felt during his ad-
 dress to her were character'd in her coun-
 tenance. When he told her that he was
 delighted with her person, she threw off
 her

her veil with exultation : Her eyes sparkled with joy, her bosom panted with satisfaction. But when he informed her that she was subject to the most loathsome distempers, she trembled and grew pale. She was chilled with horror when he talked of the gripe of Age, and shuddered at the mention of the talons of Decrepitude. When he told her she would be deserted by her admirers, as soon as she had no charms to allure them, she was torpid with amazement ; but when he afterwards assured her she would become more beautiful by regarding his admonitions, her heart danced with rapture, and her lips quivered with ecstasy. She was somewhat disconcerted to hear him prefer plainness, neatness and simplicity, to pomp, grandeur and magnificence ; and to hear self-admiration and censoriousness condemned by him with severity. She was convinced however, soon after his departure, that it was necessary to follow the rules he had prescribed ; for on surveying herself in the talisman, she discovered such an alteration in her person, that she was struck with fear, and let it fall to the ground ; but when she carefully took it up, with a wish that it might not be broken, she looked, on a second view, as engaging
as

as ever. From that moment she determined to obey her monitor with punctuality; and after having protested herself to implore the assistance of him who dwelleth in the third heaven, she returned to the house of her father.

When a few moons had passed away Hamed, a young man of large possessions, and remarkable integrity, demanded Zulima for a wife. His palace dazzled the eye with its magnificence. His dress was purple enriched with gold, and the jewels in his turban glittered like the rays of the sun. He commanded by inheritance, an extensive tract of land, which was cultivated like a garden. Herds innumerable lowed in his fields, and flocks without number bleated in his pastures. Yet in the midst of his riches Hamed was temperate; fifty women only had he in his haram. He had many personal perfections, but they were trifling compared to the beauties of his mind, which resembled an emerald of inestimable value, deposited in a golden casket. The first view of Zulima's uncommon charms, struck him at once with wonder and delight. She appeared to his ravished eyes as majestic as the cedar of Lebanon, and graceful as the tulip of Candahar. He
poured

poured forth his soul before her, called her the light of his life, and swore she was more lovely than the daughters of Paradise. Zulima soon became inebriated with the homage paid to her, and imagining too hastily that she should encrease his sensibility, by retarding the completion of his wishes, and quicken desire by protracting the moment of possession, urged him, by turns, to hope and to despair, by every feminine artifice she could think of. But Hamed soon discovered, that the heart of Zulima was as deceitful as the ocean, when it is unruffled by a breeze, and that she was neither charmed by his person, nor captivated by his manners. He discovered, that the voice of adulation alone was music to her ear, and that she was blind to all beauties but her own. At this discovery his soul was filled with indignation. Resentment extinguished all emotions of tenderness; and drove him abruptly from her presence.

Zulima, as soon as Hamed had left her, hastened to her talisman, with the rapidity of a roe, to see in what light she had appeared to him, and to embellish herself with new graces against the next interview; for as he had not mentioned

tioned his intention never to return, the hopes of fanning the flames of love with fresh allurements, made her spirits flow with unusual briskness, and her feet bound with unusual agility. But how great was her surprize, when, instead of eyes sparkling with pleasure, and cheeks glowing with expectation, she beheld in the polished crystal a monster of ugliness. Shocked at the unexpected sight, she gazed at her altered image. She gazed, and was astonished. Abdaric instantaneously darted into her mind. She found, on a retrospect of her conduct, that she had encouraged the addresses of Hamed not out of a regard for himself; not out of obedience to her father; not from a desire to be happily married; but to hear the sighs of fondness, to have her ears regaled with the soothing strains of eulogy; to be admired and praised, to be flattered and adored. Her conscience smote her. She repented, and at the same time determined to receive Hamed with more affability, and to listen to him with more attention; to deserve his love, and to merit his esteem. These resolves had, in some measure, the wished-for effect. She saw with ecstasy her face by degrees recover its accustomed bloom; but its bloom,

bloom, alas ! was recovered too late ; for Hamed had, during the eclipse of it, placed his affections on Zelis, the daughter of Nouradin, and friend of Zulima.

Zelis, though not so striking a beauty as Zulima, was not less engaging. Zulima shone like the sun in its meridian splendor ; Zelis like the sky, tinged with its rising and departing rays. The first resembled a large edifice, full of lofty apartments, decorated with the most costly ornaments, and blazing with the united lustre of gems and gold. The last might be compared to a small plain building, executed with the utmost elegance, and adorned with the utmost simplicity. Zulima was more admired than Zelis, but Zelis was more beloved than Zulima.

Zelis had an expressiveness in her countenance, which was, like the magnet, irresistibly attracting. She was modest, gentle, affable, and unconscious of her perfections. These amiable qualities soon bound the heart of Hamed in adamantine chains. He was pleased with her person, but enraptured with her mind, and had soon the satisfaction to find that Zelis viewed him with equal delight, loved him with equal ardor, and esteemed him with equal sincerity. The news of their

in-

intended union flew with the swiftness of lightning to the house of Abukazan. Zulima felt a disorder she had never known before at the receipt of this intelligence. To think that she had lost her lover was perturbation, but to think that Zelis was in possession of him, distraction. Many hours she spent in contriving methods to recall her lover, and at last fixed on a design which she executed immediately with an assurance of success. She prevailed on Cadige, an old nurse, who had attended her from her infancy, to make herself serviceable to Zelis. Zelis was pleased with her assiduity, and told Zulima she was very happy in possessing so useful a slave. Zulima, who beheld Zelis with the eyes of a lion when a tender kid lies bleeding at his feet, was so delighted to find that she was fallen into the toils which were spread for her, that she entreated her to keep Cadige for her own use; telling her, with an air of pleasantry, that she had won her affections; and adding, that she could not therefore offer her with so much propriety to any other person. Cadige, in a short time, took advantage of the confidence Zelis placed in her, and endeavoured to make her contemptible in the eyes of Hamed,

by

by throwing a veil over her virtues; and to weaken his attachment to her, by insinuating, with an anxious concern for his happiness, that the woman he had chosen from the rest of her sex, was of all her sex the most unworthy of his esteem.

While Cadige was thus employed, and while Zelis reflected on the coldness of her lover with tears and with complainings, Zulima was full of gloomy doubts, and alarming fears. The cause of her first deviation from rectitude, by attempting to lessen Hamed's affection for Zelis, gave her many uneasy throbs; but these were agreeable sensations, compared to the piercing pangs she felt, when she reflected on the immorality of her actions. Conscious of the mischiefs she was perpetrating, she was pre-eminently wretched. Her mind was agitated like the sand of the desert by a whirlwind: Revenge engrossed her thoughts, banished, every other idea, and eradicated every other passion: She vowed to pursue Zelis to destruction, because her importance was lessened by the desertion of Hamed, though she abhorred at the same time the turpitude of her intentions. She forgot to survey herself in the talisman of Truth, and Abdaric was no longer remembered by

by her. One evening, while she was in this torturing situation, Cadige informed her, that by perpetually filling the ears of Hamed with the ill-health, ill-nature, and ill behaviour of Zelis, she had almost persuaded him to abandon her; and that the anguish of disappointment had greatly diminished the lustre of her charms. Zulima heard the news with alacrity; and, flushed with the hopes of triumphing over a formidable rival, began to deck herself with new ornaments. All the vivid colours of the rainbow glowed on her silky vestments. But her joy was of short duration, for on casting her eye accidentally on the talisman, she sunk down on her sofa without motion and without sense.—While the slave flew to procure a resuscitating medicine, the earth opened, and Abdaric appeared. Zulima heard the rustling of his beard, which sounded like the roaring of a cataract, and awaked; but was awestruck, and endeavoured to screen herself from his penetrating looks with her veil. But that stratagem was a vain one, for with a touch of his wand it fell to the ground. She reddened with shame, and was abashed.—When thus the genius—
 “Thou canst not conceal thyself, O
 “daughter of the dust, from an all-see-
 C ing

“ing eye. Thou hast made use of the
“most criminal methods to render thyself
“an object of horror. I am not come to
“entice thee to act right, but to condemn
“thee for having acted wrong. Thy
“crimes are of so black a dye, they can-
“not be punished with too much rigour.
“I warned thee of thy danger, when
“thou stoodst tottering on the brink of
“a precipice—why didst thou not follow
“my counsel?—Know, inconsiderate Zu-
“lima, that a beautiful woman, without
“innocence and virtue, is like an al-
“mond-tree in winter, stript of its fo-
“liage and its fruit.”

When he had uttered these words, he struck the unhappy Zulima with his wand. She instantly became a spotted serpent, and crawled upon the earth before him. Abdaric then turned to Cadige, who at this juncture arrived with the juice of a plant, which the sages of physick always administer, when the powers of reason are suspended.—“Behold, said he, thy wretched child. Seven years shall she thus creep upon the ground, a noisome reptile in the gardens of Hamed, who now revels in his bower, completely happy in being united to Zelis the most amiable woman in the East. When she can take a pleasure
“in

“in the felicity of others, she shall re-
“assume a human form.—Seven years
“shall she continue in beauty’s brightest
“bloom, but without one lover to sooth
“her pride, one admirer to flatter her
“vanity. If at the expiration of the last
“year, she is convinced of her past er-
“rors, and can render her mind as fault-
“less as her person; she may then, even
“Zulima may then be happy.”

At the conclusion of this speech he sunk into the earth again, which closed with a noise like the bursting of a cloud impregnated with sulphur.

We will now resume the Annals of European Coquetry.

FLAVILLA, just as she had entered her fourteenth year, was left an orphan to the care of her mother, in such circumstances as disappointed all the hopes which her education had encouraged. Her father, who lived in great elegance upon the salary of a place at court, died suddenly without having made any provision for his family, except an annuity of one hundred pounds, which he had purchased for his wife with part of her marriage portion; nor was he possessed of any property, except the furniture of a large

house in one of the new squares, an equipage, a few jewels, and some plate.

The greater part of the furniture and the equipage were sold to pay his debts; the jewels, which were not of great value, and some useful pieces of the plate, were reserved; and Flavilla removed with her mother into lodgings.

But notwithstanding this change in their circumstances, they did not immediately lose their rank. They were still visited by a numerous and polite acquaintance; and tho' some gratified their pride by assuming an appearance of pity, and rather insulted than alleviated their distress by the whine of condolance, and minute comparison of what they had lost with what they possessed; yet from others they were continually receiving presents, which still enabled them to live with a genteel frugality; they were still considered as people of fashion, and treated by those of a lower class with distant respect.

Flavilla thus continued to move in a sphere to which she had no claim; she was perpetually surrounded with elegance and splendor, which the caprice of others, like the rod of an enchanter, could dissipate in a moment, and leave her to regret the loss of enjoyments, which she could neither hope to obtain nor cease to desire.

desire. Of this, however, Flavilla had no dread. She was remarkably tall for her age, and was celebrated not only for her beauty but her wit: these qualifications she considered, not only as securing whatever she enjoyed by the favour of others, but as a pledge of possessing them in her own right by an advantageous marriage. Thus the vision that danced before her, derived stability from the very vanity which it flattered; and she had as little apprehension of distress, as diffidence of her own power to please.

There was a fashionable levity in her carriage and discourse, which her mother, who knew the danger of her situation, laboured to restrain, sometimes with anger, sometimes with tears, but always without success. Flavilla was ever ready to answer, that she neither did or said any thing of which she had reason to be ashamed; and therefore did not know why she should be restrained, except in mere courtesy to envy whom it was an honour to provoke, or to slander whom it was a disgrace to fear. In proportion as Flavilla was more flattered and caressed, the influence of her mother became less; and though she always treated her with respect from a point of good breeding, yet

yet she secretly despised her maxims, and applauded her own conduct.

Flavilla at eighteen was a celebrated toast; and among other gay visitants who frequented her tea-table, was Clodio, a young baronet, who had just taken possession of his title and estate. There were many particulars in Clodio's behaviour, which encouraged Flavilla to hope that she should obtain him for a husband: But she suffered his assiduities with such apparent pleasure, and his familiarities with so little reserve, that he soon ventured to disclose his intention, and make her what he thought a very genteel proposal of another kind. But whatever were the artifices with which it was introduced, or the terms in which it was made, Flavilla rejected it with the utmost indignation and disdain. Clodio, who, notwithstanding his youth, had long known and often practised the arts of seduction, gave way to the storm, threw himself at her feet, imputed his offence to the phrenzy of his passion, flattered her pride by the most abject submission and extravagant praise, intreated her pardon, aggravated his crime, but made no mention of atonement by marriage. This particular, which Flavilla did not fail to remark, ought to have

have determined her to admit him no more: But her vanity and her ambition were still predominant; she still hoped to succeed in her project. Clodio's offence was tacitly forgiven, his visits were permitted, his familiarities were again suffered, and his hopes revived. He had long entertained an opinion that she loved him, in which, however, it is probable, that his own vanity and her indiscretion concurred to deceive him; but this opinion, though it implied the strongest obligation to treat her with generosity and tenderness, only determined him again to attempt her ruin, as it encouraged him with a probability of success. Having, therefore, resolved to obtain her as a mistress, or at once to give her up, he thought he had little more to do, than to convince her that he had taken such a resolution, justify it by some plausible sophistry, and give her some time to deliberate upon a final determination. With this view he went a short journey into the country; having put a letter into her hand at parting, in which he acquainted her, " That he had
 " often reflected, with inexpressible re-
 " gret, upon her resentment of his con-
 " duct in a late instance; but that the
 " delicacy and the ardour of his affec-
 C 4 " tion

" tion were insuperable obstacles to his
 " marriage; that where there was no
 " liberty, there could be no happiness:
 " That he should become indifferent to
 " the endearments of love, when they
 " could no longer be distinguished from
 " the officiousness of duty: That while
 " they were happy in the possession of
 " each other, it would be absurd to sup-
 " pose they would part; and that if this
 " happiness should cease, it would not
 " only ensure but aggravate their misery
 " to be inseparably united: that this
 " event was less probable, in proportion
 " as their cohabitation was voluntary;
 " but that he would make such provision
 " for her upon the contingency, as a
 " wife would expect upon his death. He
 " conjured her not to determine under
 " the influence of prejudice and custom,
 " but according to the laws of reason
 " and nature. After mature deliberation,
 " said he, remember that the whole value
 " of my life depends upon your will. I
 " do not request an explicit consent, with
 " whatever transport I might behold the
 " lovely confusion which it might pro-
 " duce. I shall attend you in a few
 " days; with the anxiety, though not
 " with the guilt of a criminal, who
 " waits

“ waits for the decision of his judge. If
 “ my visit is admitted, we will never
 “ part; if it is rejected, I can never
 “ see you more.”

Flavilla had too much understanding as well as virtue, to deliberate a moment upon this proposal. She gave immediate orders that Clodio should be admitted no more. But this letter was a temptation to gratify her vanity, which she could not resist; she shewed it first to her mother, and then to the whole circle of her female acquaintance, with all the exultation of a hero who exposes a vanquished enemy at the wheels of his chariot in a triumph; she considered it as an indisputable evidence of her virtue, as a reproof of all who had dared to censure the levity of her conduct, and a licence to continue it without apology or restraint.

It happened that Flavilla, soon after this accident, was seen in one of the boxes at the playhouse by Mercator, a young gentleman who had just returned from his first voyage as captain of a large ship in the Levant trade, which had been purchased for him by his father, whose fortune enabled him to make a genteel provision for five sons, of whom Mercator was the youngest, and who expected

to share his estate, which was personal, in equal proportion at his death.

Mercator was captivated with her beauty, but discouraged by the splendor of her appearance, and the rank of her company. He was urged rather by curiosity than hope, to enquire who she was; and he soon gained such a knowledge of her circumstances, as relieved him from despair.

As he knew not how to get admission to her company, and had no design upon her virtue, he wrote in the first adour of his passion to her mother; giving a faithful account of his fortune and dependance, and entreating that he might be permitted to visit Flavilla as a candidate for her affection. The old lady, after having made some enquiries, by which the account that Mercator had given her was confirmed, sent him an invitation, and received his first visit alone. She told him, that as Flavilla had no fortune, and as a considerable part of his own was dependent upon his father's will, it would be extremely imprudent to endanger the disappointment of his expectations, by a marriage which would make it more necessary that they should be fulfilled; that he ought therefore to obtain his father's

con-

consent, before any other step was taken, lest he should be embarrassed by engagements which young persons almost insensibly contract, whose complacency in each other is continually gaining strength by frequent visits and conversation. To this counsel, so salutary and perplexing, Mercator was hesitating what to reply, when Flavilla came in, an accident which he was now only solicitous to improve. Flavilla was not displeased either with his person or his address; the frankness and gaiety of her disposition soon made him forget that he was a stranger: A conversation commenced, during which they became yet more pleased with each other; and having thus surmounted the difficulty of a first visit, he thought no more of the old lady, as he believed her auspices were not necessary to his success.

His visits were often repeated, and he became every hour more impatient of delay: He pressed his suit with that contagious ardour, which is caught at every glance, and produces the consent which it solicits. At the same time, indeed, a thought of his father would intervene, but being determined to gratify his wishes at all events, he concluded with a sagacity almost universal on these occasions, that,

that, of two evils, to marry without his consent was less, than to marry against it; and one evening, after the lovers had spent the afternoon by themselves, they went out in a kind of frolic, which Mercator had proposed in the vehemence of his passion, and to which Flavilla had consented in the giddiness of her indiscretion, and were married at May-Fair.

In the first interval of recollection after this precipitate step, Mercator considered, that he ought to be the first who acquainted his father of the new alliance which had been made in his family: But as he had not fortitude enough to do it in person, he expressed it in the best terms he could conceive by a letter; and after such an apology for his conduct as he had been used to make to himself, he requested that he might be permitted to present his wife for the parental benediction, which alone was wanting to complete his felicity.

The old gentleman, whose character I cannot better express than in the fashionable phrase which had been contrived to palliate false principles and dissolute manners, had been a gay man, and was well acquainted with the town. He had often heard Flavilla toasted by rakes of quality,
and

and had often seen her at public places. Her beauty and her dependance, the gaiety of her dress, the multitude of her admirers, the levity of her conduct, and all the circumstances of her situation, had concurred to render her character suspected; and he was disposed to judge of it with yet less charity, when she had offended him by marrying his son, whom he considered as disgraced and impoverished, and whose misfortune, as it was irretrievable, he resolved to not to alleviate, but encrease; a resolution, by which fathers, who have foolish and disobedient sons, usually display their own kindness and wisdom. As soon as he had read Mercator's letter, he cursed him for a fool, who had been gulled by the artifices of a strumpet to screen her from public infamy by fathering her children, and secure her from a prison by appropriating her debts. In an answer to his letter, which he wrote only to gratify his resentment, he told him that "If he had taken Flavilla into keeping, he would have overlooked it; and
 " if her extravagance had distressed him,
 " he would have satisfied his creditors;
 " but that his marriage was not to be
 " forgiven; that he should never have
 " another shilling of his money; and that
 " he

“ he was determined to see him no more.” Mercator, who was more provoked by this outrage than grieved at his loss, disdained to reply; and believing that he had now most reason to be offended, could not be persuaded to solicit a reconciliation.

He hired a genteel apartment for his wife of an upholsterer, who, with a view to let lodgings, had taken and furnished a large house near Leicester-fields, and in about two months left her to make another voyage.

He had received visits of congratulation from her numerous acquaintance, and had returned them as a pledge of his desire that they should be repeated. But a remembrance of the gay multitude, which while he was at home had flattered his vanity, as soon as he was absent alarmed his suspicions: He had, indeed, no particular cause of jealousy; but his anxiety arose merely from a sense of the temptation to which she was exposed, and the impossibility of his superintending her conduct.

In the mean time Flavilla continued to flutter round the same giddy circle, in which she had shone so long; the number of her visitants was rather encreased
than

than diminished, the gentlemen attended with yet greater assiduity, and she continued to encourage their civilities by the same indiscreet familiarity : She was one night at the masquerade, and another at an opera; sometimes at a rout, and sometimes rambling with a party of pleasure in short excursions from town; she came home sometimes at midnight, sometimes in the morning, and sometimes she was absent several nights together.

This conduct was the cause of much speculation and uneasiness to the good man and woman of the house. At first they suspected that Flavilla was no better than a woman of pleasure: and that the person who had hired the lodging for her as his wife, and had disappeared upon pretence of a voyage to sea, had been employed to impose upon them, by concealing her character, in order to obtain such accommodation for her as she could not so easily have procured if it had been known : But as these suspicions made them watchful and inquisitive, they soon discovered, that many ladies by whom she was visited were of good character and fashion. Her conduct, however, supposing her to be a wife, was still inexcusable, and still endangered their credit and subsistence;

sistence; hints were often dropped by the neighbours to the disadvantage of her character; and an elderly maiden lady, who lodged in the second floor, had given warning; the family was disturbed at all hours in the night, and the door was crouded all day with messengers and visitants to Flavilla.

One day, therefore, the good woman took an opportunity to remonstrate, though in the most distant and respectful terms, and with the utmost diffidence and caution. She told Flavilla, “ That
 “ she was a fine young lady, that her
 “ husband was abroad, that she kept a
 “ great deal of company, and that the
 “ world was censorious: she wished that
 “ less occasion for scandal was given;
 “ and hoped to be excused the liberty
 “ she had taken, as she might be ruined
 “ by those slanders which could have no
 “ influence upon the great, and which,
 “ therefore, they were not solicitous to
 “ avoid.” This address, however ambiguous, and however gentle, was easily understood, and fiercely resented. Flavilla, proud of her virtue, and impatient of controul, would have despised the counsel of a philosopher, if it had implied an impeachment of her conduct;
 before

before a person so much her inferior, therefore, she was under no restraint; she answered with a mixture of contempt and indignation, that "Those only who did not know her, would dare to take any liberty with her character; and warned her to propagate no scandalous report at her peril." Flavilla immediately rose from her seat, and the woman departed without reply, though she was scarce less offended than her lodger, and from that moment she determined when Mercator returned to give him warning.

Mercator's voyage was prosperous; and after an absence of about ten months he came back. The woman, to whom her husband left the whole management of her lodgings, and who persisted in her purpose, soon found an opportunity to put it in execution. Mercator, as his part of the contract had been punctually fulfilled, thought he had some cause to be offended, and insisted to know her reasons for compelling him to leave her house. These his hostess, who was indeed a friendly woman, was very unwilling to give; and as he perceived that she evaded his question, he became more solicitous to obtain an answer. After much hesitation, which perhaps had a worse effect than

than any tale which malice could have invented, she told him, that “ Madam
 “ kept a great deal of company, and
 “ often staid out very late; that she had
 “ always been used to quiet and regula-
 “ rity; and was determined to let her
 “ apartment to some person in a more
 “ private station.

At this account Mercator changed countenance; for he inferred from it just as much more than truth as he believed it to be less. After some moments of suspense, he conjured her to conceal nothing from him, with an emotion which convinced her that she had already said too much. She then assured him, that
 “ He had no reason to be alarmed; for
 “ that she had no exception to his lady,
 “ but those gaieties which her station and
 “ the fashion sufficiently authorized.”
 Mercator’s suspicions, however, were not wholly removed; and he began to think he had found a confidant whom it would be his interest to trust: he, therefore, in the folly of his jealousy, confessed, that “ He had some doubts concerning
 “ his wife, which it was of the utmost
 “ importance to his honour and his
 “ peace to resolve: He intreated that
 “ he might continue in the apartment
 “ another

“ another year; that, as he should again
“ leave the kingdom in a short time, she
“ would suffer no incident, which might
“ confirm either his hopes or his fears,
“ to escape her notice in his absence;
“ and that at his return she would give
“ him such an account as would at least
“ deliver him from the torment of sus-
“ pense, and determine his future con-
“ duct.”

There is no sophistry more general, than that by which we justify a busy and scrupulous enquiry after secrets, which to discover is to be wretched without hope of redress; and no service to which others are so easily engaged as to assist in the search. To communicate suspicions of matrimonial infidelity, especially to a husband, is by a strange mixture of folly and malignity, deemed not only an act of justice but a friendship; though it is too late to prevent an evil, which, whatever be its guilt, can diffuse wretchedness only in proportion as it is known. It is no wonder, therefore, that the general kindness of Mercator's confidant was on this occasion overborne; she was flattered by the trust that had been placed in her, and the power with which she was invested; she consented to Mercator's proposal;

proposal; and promised, that she would with the utmost fidelity execute her commission.

Mercator, however, concealed his suspicions from his wife; and, indeed in her presence they were forgotten. Her manner of life he began seriously to disapprove; but being well acquainted with her temper, in which great sweetness was blended with a high spirit, he would not embitter the pleasure of a short stay by altercation, chiding and tears: But when her mind was melted into tenderness at his departure, he clasped her in an extasy of fondness to his bosom, and entreated her to behave with reserve and circumspection; "Because," said he, "I know that my father keeps a watchful eye upon your conduct, which may therefore, confirm or remove his displeasure, and either intercept or bestow such an encrease of my fortune as will prevent the pangs of separation which must otherwise so often return, and in a short time unite us to part no more." To this caution she had then no power to reply; and they parted with mutual protestations of unalterable love.

Flavilla, soon after she was thus left in a kind of widowhood a second time,
found

found herself with child; and within somewhat less than eight months after Mercator's return from his first voyage, she happened to stumble as she was going up stairs, and being immediately taken ill, was brought to bed before the next morning. The child, though its birth had been precipitated more than a month, was not remarkably small, nor had any infirmity which endangered its life.

It was now necessary, that the vigils of whist and the tumults of balls and visits should, for a while, be suspended; and in this interval of langour and retirement Flavilla first became thoughtful. She often reflected upon Mercator's caution when they last parted, which had made an indelible impression upon her mind, though it had produced no alteration in her conduct: Notwithstanding the manner in which it was expressed, and the reason upon which it was founded, she began to fear that it might have been secretly prompted by jealousy. The birth, therefore, of her first child in his absence, at a time when, if it had not been premature, it could not possibly have been his, was an accident which greatly alarmed her: But there was yet another, for which it was still less in her power to
account,

account, and which, therefore, alarmed her still more.

It happened that some civilities which she received from a lady who sat next her at an opera, and whom she had never seen before, introduced a conversation, which so much delighted her, that she gave her a pressing invitation to visit her: This invitation was accepted, and in a few days the visit was paid. Flavilla was not less pleased at the second interview, than she had been at the first; and without making any other enquiry concerning the lady than where she lived, took the first opportunity to wait on her. The apartment in which she was received was the ground-floor of an elegant house, at a small distance from St. James's. It happened that Flavilla was placed near the window; and a party of the horse-guards riding through the street, she expected to see some of the royal family, and hastily threw up the sash. A gentleman who was passing by at the same instant, turned about at the noise of the window, and Flavilla no sooner saw his face than she knew him to be the father of Mercator. After looking first stedfastly at her, and then glancing his eye at the lady whom she was visiting, he affected a contemptuous

tuous sneer and went on. Flavilla, who had been thrown into some confusion, by the sudden and unexpected sight of a person, whom she knew considered her as the disgrace of his family and the ruin of his child, now changed countenance, and hastily retired to another part of the room : She was touched both with grief and anger at this silent insult, of which, however, she did not then suspect the cause. It is, indeed, probable, that the father of Mercator would no where have looked upon her with complacency ; but as soon as he saw her companion, he recollected that she was the favourite mistress of an old courtier, and that this was the house in which he kept her in great splendor, though she had been by turns a prostitute to others. It happened that Flavilla, soon after this accident, discovered the character of her new acquaintance ; and never remembered by whom she had been seen in her company, without the utmost regret and apprehension.

She now resolved to move in a less circle, and with more circumspection. In the mean time her little boy, whom she suckled, grew very fast ; and it could no longer be known by his appearance, that
that

that he had been born too soon. His mother frequently gazed at him till her eyes overflowed with tears; and though her pleasures were now become domestic, yet she feared lest that which had produced should destroy them. After such deliberation, she determined that she would conceal the child's age from its father; believing it prudent to prevent a suspicion, which, however ill founded, it might be difficult to remove, as her justification would depend wholly upon the testimony of her dependants; and her mother's and her own would necessarily become doubtful, when every one would have reason to conclude, that it would still have been the same, supposing the contrary. to have been true.

Such was the state of Flavilla's mind, and her little boy was six months old, when Mercator returned. She received him with joy, indeed, but it was mixed with a visible confusion; their meeting was more tender, but on her part it was less chearful; she smiled with inexpressible complacency, but at the same time the tears gushed from her eyes, and she was seized with an universal tremor. Mercator caught the infection; and caressed first his Flavilla, and then his boy, with an
 excess

excess of fondness and delight that before he had never expressed. The sight of the child made him more than ever wish a reconciliation with his father; and having heard at his first landing, that he was dangerously ill, he determined to go immediately and attempt to see him, promising that he would return to supper. He had, in the midst of his caresses, more than once enquired the age of his son, but the question had been always evaded; of which, however, he took no notice, nor did it produce any suspicion.

He was now hastening to enquire after his father; but as he passed through the hall, he was officiously laid hold of by his landlady. He was not much disposed to enquire how she had fulfilled his charge; but perceiving by her looks that she had something to communicate, which was at least in her own opinion of importance, he suffered her to take him into her parlour. She immediately shut the door, and reminded him, that she had undertaken an office with reluctance which he had pressed upon her; and that she had done nothing in it to which he had not bound her by a promise; that she was extremely sorry to communicate

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her discoveries; but that he was a worthy gentleman, and, indeed, ought to know them. She then told him, "That the child was born within less than eight months after his last return from abroad; that it was said to come before its time, but that having pressed to see it, she was refused." This, indeed, was true, and confirmed the good woman in her suspicion; for Flavilla, who had still resented the freedom which she had taken in her remonstrance, had kept her at a great distance: And the servants, to gratify the mistress, treated her with the utmost insolence and contempt.

At this relation Mercator turned pale: He now recollected, that his question concerning the child's birth had been evaded; and concluded, that he had been shedding tears of tenderness and joy over a strumpet and a bastard, who had robbed him of his patrimony, his honour, and his peace.. He started up with the furious wildness of sudden phrenzy; but she with great difficulty prevailed upon him not to leave the room. He sat down and remained some time motionless, with his eyes fixed on the ground, and his hands locked in each other. In proportion as he believed his wife

wife to be guilty, his tenderness for his father revived; and he resolved, with yet greater zeal, to prosecute his purpose of immediately attempting a reconciliation.

In this state of confusion and distress, he went to the house; where he learned that his father had died early in the morning, and that his relations were then assembled to read his will. Fulvius, a brother of Mercator's mother, with whom he had always been a favourite, happening to pass from one room to another, heard his voice. He accosted him with great ardour of friendship; and, soothing him with expressions of condolence and affection, insisted to introduce him to the company. Mercator tacitly consented: He was received at least with civility by his brothers, and sitting down among them the will was read. He seemed to listen like the rest; but was, indeed, musing over the story which he had just heard, and lost in the speculation of his own wretchedness. He waked as from a dream, when the voice of the person who had been reading was suspended; and finding that he could no longer contain himself, he started up and would have left the company.

Of the will which had been read before him, he knew nothing: But his uncle believing that he was moved with grief and resentment at the manner in which he had been mentioned in it, and the bequest only of a shilling, took him into another room; and, to apologize for his father's unkindness, told him, that “ The
 “ resentment which he expressed at his
 “ marriage, was every day increased by
 “ the conduct of his wife, whose cha-
 “ racter was now become notoriously
 “ infamous; for that she had been seen
 “ at the lodgings of a known prostitute,
 “ with whom she appeared to be well
 “ acquainted.” This account threw Mercator into another agony; from which he was, however, at length recovered by his uncle, who, as the only expedient by which he could retrieve his misfortune and sooth his distress, proposed that he should no more return to his lodgings, but go home with him; and that he would himself take such measures with his wife, as could scarce fail of inducing her to accept a separate maintenance, assume another name, and trouble him no more. Mercator, in the bitterness of his affliction, consented to this proposal, and they went away together.

Mercator,

Mercator, in the mean time, was expected by Flavilla with the most tender impatience. She had put her little boy to bed, and decorated a small room in which they had been used to sup by themselves, and which she had shut up in his absence; she counted the moments as they passed, and listened to every carriage and every step that she heard. Supper now was ready: Her impatience was increased; terror was at length mingled with regret, and her fondness was only busied to afflict her; she wished, she feared, she accused, she apologized, and she wept. In the height of these eager expectations and this tender distress, she received a billet which Mercator had been persuaded by his uncle to write, in which he upbraided her in the strongest terms with abusing his confidence and dishonouring his bed; "Of this," he said, "he had now obtained sufficient proof to do justice to himself, and that he was determined to see her no more."

To those, whose hearts have not already acquainted them with the agony which seized Flavilla upon the sight of this billet, all attempts to describe it would be not only ineffectual but absurd. Having passed the night without sleep,

and the next day without food, disappointed in every attempt to discover what was become of Mercator, and doubting if she should have found him whether it would be possible to convince him of her innocence; the violent agitation of her mind produced a slow fever, which, before she considered it as a disease, she communicated to the child while she cherished it at her bosom, and wept over it as an orphan, whose life she was sustaining with her own.

After Mercator had been absent about ten days, his uncle, having persuaded him to accompany some friends to a country-seat at the distance of near sixty miles, went to his lodgings in order to discharge the rent, and try what terms he could make with Flavilla, whom he hoped to intimidate with threats of a prosecution and divorce; but when he came, he found that Flavilla was sinking very fast under her disease, and that the child was dead already. The woman of the house, into whose hands she had just put her repeating-watch and some other ornaments as a security for her rent, was so touched with her distress, and so firmly persuaded of her innocence by the manner in which she had addressed her, and the

the calm solemnity with which she absolved those by whom she had been traduced, that as soon as she discovered Fulvius's business, she threw herself on her knees, and intreated, that if he knew where Mercator was to be found, he would urge him to return, that if possible the life of Flavilla might be preserved, and the happiness of both be restored by their justification. Fulvius, who still suspected appearances, or at least was in doubt of the cause that had produced them, would not discover his nephew; but after much entreaty and expostulation, at last engaged upon his honour for the conveyance of a letter. The woman, as soon as she had obtained this promise, ran up and communicated it to Flavilla; who, when she had recovered from the surprize and tumult which it occasioned, was supported in her bed, and in about half an hour, after many efforts and many intervals, wrote a short billet; which was sealed and put into the hands of Fulvius.

Fulvius immediately inclosed and dispatched it by the post, resolving that, in a question so doubtful and of such importance, he would no further interpose. Mercator, who the moment he cast his

eye upon the letter knew both the hand and seal, after pausing a few moments in suspense, at length tore it open, and read these words :

“ Such has been my folly, that, per-
 “ haps, I should not be acquitted of guilt
 “ in any circumstances, but those in
 “ which I write. I do not, therefore, but
 “ for your sake, wish them other than
 “ they are. The dear infant, whose birth
 “ has undone me, now lies dead at my
 “ side, a victim to my indiscretion and
 “ your resentment. I am scarce able to
 “ guide my pen. But I most earnestly en-
 “ treat to see you, that you may at least
 “ have the satisfaction to hear me attest
 “ my innocence with the last sigh, and
 “ seal our reconciliation on my lips while
 “ they are yet sensible of the impression.”

Mercator, whom an earthquake would less have affected than this letter, felt all his tenderness revive in a moment, and reflected with unutterable anguish upon the rashness of his resentment. At the thought of his distance from London, he started as if he had felt a dagger in his heart: He lifted his eyes up to heaven, with a look that expressed at once an accusation of himself, and a petition for her; and then rushing out of the house, with-
 out

out taking leave of any, or ordering a servant to attend him, he took post horses at a neighbouring inn, and in less than six hours was in Leicester-fields. But notwithstanding his speed, he arrived too late; Flavilla had suffered the last agony, and her eyes could behold him no more. Grief and disappointment, remorse and despair, now totally subverted his reason. It became necessary to remove him by force from the body; and after a confinement of two years in a mad-house, he died.

May every lady, on whose memory compassion shall record these events, tremble to assume the levity of Flavilla; for, perhaps, it is in the power of no man in Mercator's circumstances, to be less jealous than Mercator.

A FRIEND of mine has two daughters, whom I will call LÆTITIA and DAPHNE; the former is one of the greatest beauties of the age in which she lives, the latter no way remarkable for any charms in her person. Upon this one circumstance of their outward form, the good and ill of their lives seems to turn. Lætitia has not, from her very childhood, heard any thing else but

commendation of her features and complexion, by which means she is no other than nature made her, a very beautiful out-side. The consciouiness of her charms has rendered her insupportably vain and insolent, towards all who have to do with her. Daphne, who was almost twenty before one civil thing had ever been said to her, found herself obliged to acquire some accomplishments, to make up for the want of those attractions which she saw in her sister. Poor Daphne was seldom submitted to in a debate wherein she was concerned; her discourse had nothing to recommend it but the good sense of it, and she was always under a necessity to have very well considered what she was to say before she uttered it; while Lætitia was listened to with partiality, and approbation sat in the countenances of those she conversed with, before she communicated what she had to say. These causes have produced suitable effects, and Lætitia is as insipid a companion, as Daphne is an agreeable one. Lætitia, confident of favour, has studied no arts to please; Daphne, despairing of any inclination towards her person, has depended only on her merit. Lætitia has always something in her air that is sullen,
grave,

grave, and disconsolate. Daphne has a countenance that appears chearful, open, and unconcerned. A young gentleman saw Lætitia this winter at a play, and became her captive. His fortune was such, that he wanted very little introduction to speak his sentiments to her father. The lover was admitted with the utmost freedom into the family, where a constrained behaviour, severe looks, and distant civilities, were the highest favours he could obtain of Lætitia; while Daphne used him with the good humour, familiarity, and innocence of a sister: Inso-much, that he would often say to her, “ Dear Daphne, wert thou but as hand-some as Lætitia!”—She received such language with that ingenuous and pleasing mirth, which is natural to a woman without design. He still sighed in vain for Lætitia, but found certain relief in the agreeable conversation of Daphne. At length, heartily tired with the haughty impertinence of Lætitia, and charmed with the repeated instances of good humour he had observed in Daphne, he one day told the latter, that he had something to say to her he hoped she would be pleased with——“ Faith, Daphne, continued he, “ I am in love with thee, and despise thy
“ sister

“sister sincerely.” The manner of his declaring himself gave his mistress occasion for a very hearty laughter.—“Nay, says he, I knew you would laugh at me, but I’ll ask your father.” He did so; the father received his intelligence with no less joy than surprize, and was very glad he had now no care left but for his beauty, which he thought he could carry to market at his leisure. I do not know any thing that has pleased me so much a great while, as this conquest of my friend Daphne’s. All her acquaintance congratulate her upon her chance-medley, and laugh at that premeditating murderer her sister. As it is an argument of a light mind, to think the worse of ourselves for the imperfections of our persons, it is equally below us to value ourselves upon the advantages of them. The female world seem to be almost incorrigibly gone astray in this particular; for which reason, I shall recommend the following extract out of a friend’s letter to the profess’d beauties, who are a people almost as unsufferable as the professed wits.

“Monsieur St. Evremond has concluded one of his essays with affirming, that the last sighs of a handsome
“woman

“ woman are not so much for the loss of
 “ her life, as of her beauty. Perhaps
 “ this raillery is pursued too far, yet it
 “ is turned upon a very obvious remark,
 “ that woman’s strongest passion is for
 “ her own beauty, and that she values
 “ it as her favourite distinction. From
 “ hence it is that all arts, which pretend
 “ to improve or preserve it, meet with
 “ so general a reception among the sex.
 “ To say nothing of many false helps,
 “ and contraband wares of beauty, which
 “ are daily vended in this great mart,
 “ there is not a maiden-gentlewoman,
 “ of good family in any county of South-
 “ Britain, who has not heard of the vir-
 “ tues of May-dew, or is unfurnished with
 “ some receipt or other in favour of her
 “ complexion; and I have known a
 “ physician of learning and sense, after
 “ eight years study in the university,
 “ and a course of travels into most coun-
 “ tries of Europe, owe the first raising
 “ of his fortunes to a cosmetic wash.

“ This has given me occasion to con-
 “ sider how so universal a disposition in
 “ woman-kind, which springs from a
 “ laudable motive, the desire of plea-
 “ sing, and proceeds upon an opinion,
 “ not altogether groundless, that nature
 “ may

“ may be helped by art, may be turned
 “ to their advantage And, methinks,
 “ it would be an acceptable service to
 “ take them out of the hands of quacks
 “ and pretenders, and to prevent their
 “ imposing upon themselves, by disco-
 “ vering to them the true secret and art
 “ of improving beauty.

“ In order to this, before I touch
 “ upon it directly, it will be necessary
 “ to lay down a few preliminary max-
 “ ims, viz.

“ That no woman can be handsome by
 “ the force of features alone, any more
 “ than she can be witty only by the help
 “ of speech.

“ That pride destroys all symmetry
 “ and grace, and affectation is a more
 “ terrible enemy to fine faces than the
 “ small-pox.

“ That no woman is capable of being
 “ beautiful, who is not incapable of be-
 “ ing false.

“ And, that what would be odious in
 “ a friend, is deformity in a mistress.

“ From these few principles, thus
 “ laid down, it will be easy to prove,
 “ that the true art of assisting beauty
 “ consists in embellishing the whole per-
 “ son by the proper ornaments of virtu-

“ ous

“ous and commendable qualities. By
 “this help alone, it is, that those who
 “are the favourite work of nature, or,
 “as Mr. Dryden expresses it, the por-
 “celain clay of human kind, become
 “animated, and are in a capacity of
 “exerting their charms: And those who
 “seem to have been neglected by her,
 “like models wrought in haste, are ca-
 “pable, in a great measure, of finish-
 “ing what she has left imperfect.

“It is, methinks, a low and degrading
 “idea of that sex, which was created to
 “refine the joys, and soften the cares of
 “humanity, by the most agreeable par-
 “ticipation, to consider them merely as
 “objects of sight. This is abridging
 “them of their natural extent of power,
 “to put them upon a level with their
 “pictures at Reynolds’s. How much
 “nobler is the contemplation of beauty
 “heightened by virtue, and command-
 “ing our esteem and love, while it draws
 “our observation? How faint and
 “spiritless are the charms of a Coquette,
 “when compared with the real loveliness
 “of Sophronia’s innocence, piety, good
 “humour and truth; virtues which add
 “a new softness to her sex, and even
 “beautify her beauty! That agreeable-
 “ness,

“ nefs, which must otherwise have ap-
 “ peared no longer in the modest virgin,
 “ is now preserved in the tender mother,
 “ the prudent friend, and the faithful
 “ wife. Colours artfully spread upon
 “ canvas may entertain the eye, but not
 “ affect the heart; and she, who takes
 “ no care to add to the natural graces
 “ of her person any excelling qualities,
 “ may be allowed still to amuse, as a
 “ picture, but not to triumph as a
 “ beauty.

“ When Adam is introduced by Mil-
 “ ton describing Eve in Paradise, and
 “ relating to the angel the impressions
 “ he felt upon seeing her at her first
 “ creation, he does not represent her
 “ like a Grecian Venus, by her shape
 “ or features, but by the lustre of her
 “ mind which shone in them, and gave
 “ them their power of charming.

“ Grace was in all her steps, Heaven in
 her eye,

“ In all her gestures dignity and love.

“ Without this irradiating power the
 “ proudest fair one ought to know, what-
 “ ever her glass may tell her to the con-
 “ trary, that her most perfect features
 “ are uninformed and dead.

“ I cannot

“ I cannot better close this moral, than
 “ by a short epitaph written by Ben.
 “ Johnson, with a spirit which nothing
 “ could inspire but such an object as I
 “ have been describing.

* Underneath this stone doth lie
 “ As much virtue as could die ;
 “ Which when alive did vigour give
 “ To as much beauty as could live.”

WHEN I was in France, I used to gaze with great astonishment at the splendid equipages, and party-coloured habits of that fantastick nation. I was one day in particular contemplating a lady, that sat in a coach adorned with gilded Cupids, and finely painted with the loves of Venus and Adonis. The coach was drawn by six milk-white horses, and loaden behind with the same number of powdered footmen. Just before the lady were a couple of beautiful pages, that were stuck among the harness, and, by their gay dresses and smiling features, looked like the elder brothers of the little boys that were carved and painted in every corner of the coach.

The lady was the unfortunate CLE-
 ANTHE, who afterwards gave an oc-
 casion to a pretty melancholy novel. She
 had,

had, for several years, received the addresses of a gentleman, whom after a long and intimate acquaintance she forsook, upon the account of this shining equipage, which had been offered to her by one of great riches, but a crazy constitution. The circumstances in which I saw her, were, it seems, the disguises only of a broken heart, and a kind of pageantry to cover distress; for in two months after she was carried to her grave with the same pomp and magnificence; being sent thither partly by the loss of one lover, and partly by the possession of another.

I have often reflected with myself on this unaccountable humour in woman-kind, of being smitten with every thing that is showy and superficial; and on the numberless evils that befall the sex, from this light, fantastical disposition. I myself remember a young lady, that was very warmly solicited by a couple of importunate rivals, who for several months together did all they could to recommend themselves, by complacency of behaviour, and agreeableness of conversation. At length, when the competition was doubtful, and the lady undetermined in her choice, one of the young lovers very
luckily

luckily bethought himself of adding a supernumerary lace to his liveries, which had so good an effect, that he married her the very week after.

The usual conversation of ordinary women very much cherishes this natural weakness of being taken with outside and appearance. Talk of a new-married couple, and you immediately hear whether they keep their coach and six, or eat in plate. Mention the name of an absent lady, and it is ten to one but you learn something of her gown and petticoat. A ball is a great help to discourse, and a birth-day furnishes conversation for a twelve-month after. A furbelow of precious stones, an hat buttoned with a diamond, a brocade waistcoat or petticoat, are standing topicks. In short, they consider only the drapery of the species, and never cast away a thought on those ornaments of the mind, that make persons illustrious in themselves, and useful to others. When women are thus perpetually dazzling one another's imaginations, and filling their heads with nothing but colours, it is no wonder that they are more attentive to the superficial parts of life, than the solid and substantial blessings

sings of it. A girl, who has been trained up in this kind of conversation, is in danger of every embroidered coat that comes in her way. A pair of fringed gloves may be her ruin. In a word, lace and ribbons, silver and gold galloons, with the like glittering gew-gaws, are so many lures to women of weak minds or low educations, and, when artificially displayed, are able to fetch down the most airy Coquette from the wildest of her flights and rambles.

True Happiness is of a retired nature, and an enemy to pomp and noise; it arises, in the first place, from the enjoyment of one's self; and, in the next, from the friendship and conversation of a few select companions. It loves shade and solitude, and naturally haunts groves and fountains, fields and meadows: In short, it feels every thing it wants within itself, and receives no addition from multitudes of witnesses and spectators. On the contrary, False Happiness loves to be in a crowd, and to draw the eyes of the world upon her. She does not receive any satisfaction from the applauses which she gives herself, but from the admiration which she raises in others. She flourishes
in

in courts and palaces, theatres and assemblies, and has no existence but when she is looked upon.

Aurelia, though a woman of great quality, delights in the privacy of a country life, and passes away a great part of her time in her own walks and gardens. Her husband, who is her bosom friend, and companion in her solitudes, has been in love with her ever since he knew her. They both abound with good sense, consummate virtue, and a mutual esteem; and are a perpetual entertainment to one another. Their family is under so regular an oeconomy, in its hours of devotion and repast, employment and diversion, that it looks like a little common-wealth within itself. They often go into company, that they may return with the greater delight to one another; and sometimes live in town, not to enjoy it so properly as to grow weary of it, that they may renew in themselves the relish of a country life. By this means they are happy in each other, beloved by their children, adored by their servants, and are become the envy, or rather the delight, of all that know them.

How

How different to this is the life of Fulvia! she considers her husband as her steward, and looks upon discretion and good housewifery, as little domestic virtues, unbécoming a woman of quality. She thinks life lost in her own family, and fancies herself out of the world when she is not in the ring, the play-house, or the drawing-room: She lives in a perpetual motion of body, and restlessness of thought, and is never easy in any one place when she thinks there is more company in another. The missing of an opera the first night, would be more afflicting to her than the death of a child. She pities all the valuable part of her own sex, and calls every woman of a prudent, modest retired life, a poor-spirited unpolished creature. What a mortification would it be to Fulvia, if she knew that her setting herself to view is but exposing herself, and that she grows contemptible by being conspicuous!

I cannot conclude without observing, that Virgil has very finely touched upon this female passion for dress and shew, in the character of Camilla; who, though she seems to have shaken off all the other weaknesses of her sex, is still described

as

as a woman in this particular. The poet tells us, that after having made a great slaughter of the enemy, she unfortunately cast her eye on a Trojan who wore an embroidered tunic, a beautiful coat of mail, with a mantle of the finest purple. "A golden bow, says he, hung upon his shoulder; his garment was buckled with a golden clasp, and his head covered with an helmet of the same shining metal." The Amazon immediately singled out this well-dressed warrior, being seized with a woman's longing for the pretty trappings that he was adorned with:

—*Totumque incauta per agmen
Fæmineo prædæ & spoliorum ardebat
amore.*

This heedless pursuit after these glittering trifles, the poet (by a nice concealed moral) represents to have been the destruction of his female hero.

THERE is no sort of company so agreeable as that of women who have good sense without affectation, and can con-
verse with men without any private design of imposing chains and fetters. Belvidera,
whom

whom I lately visited, is one of these. There is an invisible prejudice in favour of all she says, from her being a beautiful woman, because she does not consider herself as such when she talks to you. This amiable temper gives a certain tincture to all her discourse, and made it very agreeable to me, till we were interrupted by LYDIA, a creature who has all the charms that can adorn a woman. Her attractions would indeed be irresistible, but that she thinks them so, and is always employing them in stratagems and conquests. When I turned my eye upon her as she sat down, I saw she was a person of that character, which I had long wanted an opportunity of explaining. Lydia is a finished Coquette, which is a sect of women, of all others the most mischievous, and makes the greatest havock and disorder in society. I went on in the discourse I was in with Belvidera, without shewing that I had observed any thing extraordinary in Lydia: Upon which, I immediately saw her look me over as some very ill-bred fellow; and casting a scornful glance on my dress, gave a shrug at Belvidera. But as much as she despised me, she wanted my admiration,

‘ sations, drawn characters of our sex,
‘ in which you have not, to my apprehension,
‘ been clear enough and distinct,
‘ particularly in those of a Prude and a
‘ Coquette.’ Upon the mention of this, Lydia was roused with the expectation of seeing Castabella’s picture, and Castabella with the hopes of that of Lydia. ‘ Madam (said I to Belvidera), when we
‘ consider nature, we shall often find
‘ very contrary effects flow from the
‘ same cause. The Prude and Coquette
‘ (as different as they appear in their behaviour)
‘ are in reality the same kind of women : The motive of action in both,
‘ is the affectation of pleasing men. They
‘ are sisters of the same blood and constitution,
‘ only one chooses a grave, and the other a light dress. The Prude appears more virtuous, the Coquette more
‘ vicious, than she really is. The distant
‘ behaviour of the Prude tends to the
‘ same purpose as the advances of the
‘ Coquette ; and you have as little reason
‘ to fall into despair from the severity of
‘ the one, as to conceive hopes from the
‘ familiarity of the other. What leads
‘ you into a clear sense of their character
‘ is, That you may observe each of
‘ them has the distinction of sex in all
‘ her

‘ her thoughts, words, and actions. You
 ‘ can never mention any assembly you
 ‘ were lately in, but one asks you with a
 ‘ rigid, the other with a sprightly air,
 “ Pray, what men were there ? ” As for
 ‘ Prudes, it must be confessed, that there
 ‘ are several of them, who, like hypo-
 ‘ crites, by long practice of a false part,
 ‘ become sincere; or at least delude
 ‘ themselves into a belief that they are
 ‘ so.’

For the benefit of the Ladies, I shall
 propose one rule to them as a test of their
 virtue. I find in a very celebrated mo-
 dern author, that the great foundress of
 the Pietists, Madam de Bourignon, who
 was no less famous for the sanctity of her
 life, than for the singularity of some of her
 opinions, was used to boast, That she
 had not only the spirit of continency in her-
 self, but that she had also the power of
 communicating it to all who beheld her.
 This the scoffers of those days called ‘ the
 ‘ Gift of Infrigidation ; ’ and took occasi-
 on from it to rally her face, rather than
 admire her virtue. I would therefore ad-
 vise the Prude, who has a mind to know
 the integrity of her own heart, to lay her
 hand seriously upon it, and to examine

herself, whether she could sincerely rejoice in such a gift of conveying chaste thoughts to all her male beholders. If she has any aversion to the power of inspiring so great a virtue, whatever notion she may have of her perfection, she deceives her own heart, and is still in the state of Prudery. Some, perhaps, will look upon the boast of Madame de Bourignon, as the utmost ostentation of a Prude.

If you would see the humour of a Coquette pushed to the last excess, you may find an instance of it in the following Story, which I will set down at length, because it pleased me when I read it, though I cannot recollect in what author.

A YOUNG Coquette widow in France having been followed by a Gascon of quality, who had boasted among his companions of some favours which he had never received, to be revenged of him, sent for him one evening, and told him, It was in his power to do her a very particular service. The Gascon, with much profession of his readiness to obey her commands, begged to hear in what manner she designed to employ him. ‘ You know (said the widow)
‘ my

‘ my friend Belinda, and must often
 ‘ have heard of the jealousy of that im-
 ‘ potent wretch her husband. Now it
 ‘ is absolutely necessary, for the carry-
 ‘ ing on a certain affair, that his wife and
 ‘ I should be together a whole night.
 ‘ What I have to ask of you is, to dress
 ‘ yourself in her night-cloaths, and lie by
 ‘ him a whole night in her place, that
 ‘ that he may not miss her while she is
 ‘ with me.’ The Gascon, though of a
 very lively and undertaking complexion,
 began to startle at the proposal. ‘ Nay
 ‘ (says the widow), if you have not
 ‘ the courage to go through what I ask
 ‘ of you, I must employ somebody else
 ‘ that will.’ ‘ Madam (says the Gascon),
 ‘ I’ll kill him for you if you please ; but
 ‘ for lying with him ! How is it possi-
 ‘ ble to do it without being discovered ?’
 ‘ If you do not discover yourself (says the
 ‘ widow), you will lie safe enough ; for
 ‘ he is past all curiosity. He comes in
 ‘ at night while she is asleep, and goes
 ‘ out in a morning before she awakes,
 ‘ and is in pain for nothing, so he knows
 ‘ she is there.’ ‘ Madam (replied the
 ‘ Gascon), how can you reward me for
 ‘ passing a night with this old fellow ?’

The widow answered with a laugh, 'Perhaps by admitting you to pass a night with one you think more agreeable.' He took the hint, put on his night-cloaths, and had not been in bed above an hour before he heard a knocking at the door, and the treading of one who approached the other side of the bed, and who he did not question was the good man of the house. I do not know, whether the story would be better by telling you in this place, or at the end of it, that the person who went to bed to him was our young Coquette widow. The Gascon was in a terrible fright every time she moved in the bed, or turned towards him, and did not fail to shrink from her, till he had conveyed himself to the very ridge of the bed. I will not dwell upon the perplexity he was in the whole night, which was augmented when he observed, that it was now broad day, and that the husband did not yet offer to get up and go about his business. All that the Gascon had for it, was to keep his face turned from him, and to feign himself asleep, when, to his utter confusion, the widow at last puts out her arm, and pulls the bell at her bed's head. In came her friend, and two or three companions,

panions, to whom the Gascon had boasted of her favours. The widow jumped into a wrapping-gown, and joined with the rest in laughter at this man of intrigue.

Spectator.

I WAS some time ago engaged in an assembly of virtuosos, where one of them produced many curious observations which he had lately made in the anatomy of a human body. Another of the company communicated to us several wonderful discoveries, which he had also made on the same subject, by the help of very fine glasses. This gave birth to a great variety of uncommon remarks, and furnished discourse for the remaining part of the day.

The different opinions which were started on this occasion, presented to my imagination so many new ideas, that by mixing with those which were already there, they employed my fancy all the succeeding night, and composed the ensuing extraordinary dream.

I was invited, methought, to the dissection of a Coquette's Heart, which was laid on a table before the company.

Our operator, before he engaged in this visionary dissection, told us, that

there was nothing in his art more difficult than to lay open the heart of a Coquette, by reason of the many labyrinths and recesses which are to be found in it, and which do not appear in the heart of any other animal.

He desired us first of all to observe the pericardium, or outward case of the heart, which we did very attentively; and by the help of our glasses discerned in it millions of little scars, which seemed to have been occasioned by the points of innumerable darts and arrows, that from time to time had glanced upon the outward coat; though we could not discover the smallest orifice, by which any of them had entered and pierced the inward substance.

Every smatterer in anatomy knows that this pericardium, or case of the heart, contains in it a thin reddish liquor, supposed to be bred from the vapours which exhale out of the heart, and, being stopt here, are condensed into this watery substance. Upon examining this liquor, we found that it had in it all the qualities of that spirit which is made use of in the thermometer, to shew the change of the weather.

Nor must I here omit an experiment one of the company assured us he himself had made with this liquor, which he found in great quantity about the heart of a Coquette whom he had formerly dissected. He affirmed to us, that he had actually inclosed it in a small tube made after the manner of a weather-glass; but that instead of acquainting him with the variations of the atmosphere, it shewed him the qualities of those persons who entered the room in which it stood. He affirmed also, that it rose at the approach of a plume of feathers, an emdroidered coat, or a pair of fringed gloves; and that it fell as soon as an ill-shaped perriwig, a clumsy pair of shoes, or an unfashionable coat, came into his house. Nay, he proceeded so far as to assure us, that upon his laughing aloud when he stood by it, the liquor mounted very sensibly, and immediately sunk again upon his looking serious. In short, he told us, that he knew very well by this invention whenever he had a man of sense or a coxcomb in his room.

Having cleared away the pericardium, or the case and liquor above-mentioned, we came to the heart itself. The out-

ward surface of it was extremely slippery, and the *micro*, or point so very cold withal, that, upon endeavouring to take hold of it, it glided through the fingers like a smooth piece of ice.

The fibres were turned and twisted in a more intricate and perplexed manner than they are usually found in other hearts; insomuch that the whole heart was wound up together in a gordian knot, and must have had very irregular and unequal motions, while it was employed in its vital function.

One thing we thought very observable, namely, that, upon examining all the vessels which came into it or issued out of it, we could not discover any communication that it had with the tongue.

We could not but take notice likewise, that several of those little nerves in the heart which are affected by the sentiments of love, hatred, and other passions, did not descend to this before us from the brain, but from the muscles which lie about the eye.

Upon weighing the heart in my hand, I found it to be extremely light, and consequently very hollow; which I did not wonder at, when, upon looking into the
inside

inside of it, I saw a multitude of cells and cavities running one within another, as our historians describe the apartments of Rosamond's bower. Several of these little hollows were stuffed with innumerable sorts of trifles, which I shall forbear giving any particular account of, and shall therefore only take notice of what lay first and uppermost, which, upon our unfolding it and applying our microscopes to it, appeared to be a flame-coloured hood.

We were informed that the lady of this heart, when living, received the addresses of several who made love to her, and did not only give each of them encouragement, but made every one she conversed with believe that she regarded him with an eye of kindness; for which reason we expected to have seen the impression of multitudes of faces among the several plaits and foldings of the heart; but to our great surprize not a single print of this nature discovered itself, till we came into the very core and centre of it. We there observed a little figure, which upon applying our glasses to it, appeared dressed in a very fantastic manner. The more I looked upon it, the more I thought I had seen the face before, but could not possibly recollect either the place

place or time ; when, at last, one of the company who had examined this figure more nicely than the rest, shewed us plainly by the make of its face, and the several turns of its features, that the little idol which was thus lodged in the very middle of the heart was a deceased beau.

As soon as we had finished our dissection, we resolved to make an experiment of the heart, not being able to determine among ourselves the nature of its substance, which differed in so many particulars from that of the heart in other females. Accordingly, we laid it into a pan of burning coals ; when we observed in it a certain salamandrine quality, that made it capable of living in the midst of fire and flame, without being consumed, or so much as singed.

As we were admiring this strange phenomenon, and standing round the heart in a circle, it gave a most prodigious sigh or rather crack, and dispersed all at once in smoke and vapour. This imaginary noise, which methought was louder than the burst of a cannon, produced such a violent shake in my brain, that it dissipated the fumes of sleep, and left me in an instant broad awake,

Spectator.

I am

I am indebted for the following Letter, which is pointed against the passion I am endeavouring to banish from the breasts of my lovely countrywomen, as well as the history of the Lady which follows, to the *Female Spectator*; a performance which deserves a place in every lady's library.

' IT must be owned you have given
' the ladies a great many fine lessons for
' their conduct in life, which, if they
' attend to, will certainly make both
' themselves and husbands perfectly
' happy; but I do not perceive you
' have yet ever said one word concern-
' ing a very reigning foible among
' them. I give it no worse a name, out
' of mere complaisance; for in effect it
' includes all that is cruel, unjust, un-
' generous, and base. What I mean is
' that enormous vanity of attracting as
' great a number of lovers as possible,
' and giving an equal share of encou-
' ragement to all, keeping all in hopes,
' though there can be but one, and it
' very often happens, not that one she
' ever designs to make happy.

' This I speak of my own experience,
' having made my court to three ladies
' suc-

‘ successively, who all raised my expectation to the highest pitch of flattering love, then plunged me at once into the gulf of despair; so that had I felt but half the passion I pretended for any one of them, I should certainly have made my *quietus* either by the help of my garter, or a leaden pill. —But, thank heaven, the flame was not so violent as to scorch up my reason: I still retained a sufficient share to turn the disappointment they intended me upon themselves, by shewing how little I was affected by it, and by testifying neither envy nor malice against those of my rivals, who happened to be retained after I was discharged, or rather had discharged myself on perceiving the vanity of the attempt.

‘ All men, however, are not like me in this point. I know some that have hearts so very soft and pliant, that the first impression sinks into them so deeply, as to become indelible, and is not to be erased by time, or ill usage. It is for the sake of those disconsolate lovers, that I would desire you to set forth in their proper colours, the folly and injustice the women are guilty of in such a behaviour as I have mentioned.

‘ Be-

‘ Besides, in my opinion, your admonitions cannot warn them from any thing more detrimental to their own characters, or which renders them less valuable in the eyes of all men of sense and understanding.

‘ Yet, though it may seem a paradox, I have made a general observation, that those of the most sparkling wit, are the most notoriously guilty of this folly; yet may it be easily reconciled, if we allow the late witty earl of Rochester to be a judge: He tells us, that it requires no ordinary capacity in our sex to make a compleat coxcomb; a Coquette, therefore, which is a she-coxcomb, must be endued with a good deal of wit, or she would not succeed in her endeavours.—I think the noble lord I mentioned expresses himself in these words :

‘ He was a fool thro’ choice, not want of wit.
 ‘ His foppery, without the help of sense,
 ‘ Could ne’er have risen to such excellence :
 ‘ Nature’s as lame in mending a true fop
 ‘ As a philosopher ; the very top
 ‘ And dignity of folly we attain
 ‘ By studious search, and labour of the brain;
 ‘ By observation, counsel, and deep thought ;
 ‘ God never made a coxcomb worth a groat.
 ‘ We

88 N U N N E R Y F O R

‘ We owe that name to industry and arts :
 ‘ An eminent fool must be a man of parts.

‘ The various motions of the eyes is
 ‘ an art which every woman is not versed
 ‘ in: To know how to turn, to roll
 ‘ them into the languishing, the inviting,
 ‘ or the austere, and guide every glance,
 ‘ not according to the dictates of the
 ‘ heart, but according as it contributes
 ‘ to riveting more fast the chains of the
 ‘ poor puppy of a lover, I must own
 ‘ cannot be put in practice, but by ladies
 ‘ of a great deal of wit and spirit.

‘ Such then being most worthy of the
 ‘ care taken to reform them, the Female
 ‘ Spectator ought not, methinks, to ne-
 ‘ glect some little pains for that purpose.

‘ I know very well that those who
 ‘ pretend to the most honour and mo-
 ‘ desty, are not ashamed of being thought
 ‘ Coquettes, and only laugh at any re-
 ‘ monstrances made them on that head:
 ‘ they think that youth licences all man-
 ‘ ner of affectations, and it is well if they
 ‘ continue it not in age.

‘ For my part, though I will not argue
 ‘ as some do, that your sex was created
 ‘ merely for the pleasure and convenience
 ‘ of man, yet I may certainly, without
 ‘ giving

‘ giving offence to any, ask whence it
 ‘ is that they derive the privileges of im-
 ‘ posing upon, and deceiving us with
 ‘ impunity.

‘ If one of us is detected in making
 ‘ his addressee to two persons at the same
 ‘ time, he is presently called a perfidious
 ‘ villain, a monster, a base betrayer,
 ‘ and every other reproachful epithet
 ‘ that language can supply; while the
 ‘ vain fluttering she, who perhaps has
 ‘ rendered twenty unhappy by her de-
 ‘ lusions, shall glory in the mischiefs she
 ‘ has caused, and triumph in proportion
 ‘ to the number of wretches she has
 ‘ made.

‘ As you cannot be insensible of the
 ‘ justice of this charge, I flatter myself
 ‘ you will so far witness it, as to use your
 ‘ utmost endeavour for the suppression of
 ‘ this fashionable evil.—Some may, per-
 ‘ haps, blush at a reproof from one of
 ‘ their own sex, who would laugh at all
 ‘ the complaints of ours.—Incorrigible
 ‘ as they are looked upon in this point,
 ‘ the discretion of some, and the good
 ‘ nature of others, may possibly be
 ‘ roused by your judicious and pathetic
 ‘ remonstrances; it is worth making the
 ‘ trial at least, and though you should
 ‘ fail

‘ fail of the success you aim at, the at-
 ‘ tempt will confer a lasting obligation
 ‘ on our sex in general, and in a parti-
 ‘ cular manner on him who has the ho-
 ‘ nour to subscribe himself, with the
 ‘ most perfect regard,

‘ L A D I E S,

“ Your very humble, and

‘ most obedient Servant,

‘ V E R I T A T U S.

‘ P. S. I had forgot to acquaint you,
 ‘ ladies, that the first of my three mi-
 ‘ stresses, and indeed she for whom I felt
 ‘ the most of what they call love, hearing
 ‘ I had broke off with the other two,
 ‘ sent a few days since, desiring me to
 ‘ call upon her.—Complaisance would
 ‘ not suffer me to disobey the summons:
 ‘ I went, and at my entrance we both
 ‘ looked a little silly upon one another.
 ‘ As soon as I was seated, she told me
 ‘ the motive of her giving me that trou-
 ‘ ble, was to ask a question concerning
 ‘ a family with whom I was acquainted.
 ‘ The affair she mentioned was not only
 ‘ a mere trifle in itself, but also of a
 ‘ nature which she must be sensible I
 ‘ was utterly incapable of resolving; so
 ‘ that

' that it was easy to perceive curiosity
 ' was no more than a pretence, in order
 ' to have an opportunity of practising
 ' over again all those artifices, which had
 ' once been pretty near captivating me
 ' in good earnest: But I am grown too
 ' much experienced in the sex, to be
 ' caught that way; and if I ever resign
 ' my heart, it must be only where native
 ' simplicity is the greatest charm.

' I added this only to convince the
 ' ladies, that nothing so much deprives
 ' them of that admiration they are ambi-
 ' tious of, as taking pains to attract it.

' Once more, good Female Spectator,
 ' believe me as above,

' Yours, &c.'

' We cannot but agree with this gen-
 tleman, says the author of the Female
 Spectator, that there is nothing more
 truly base and unjust, than encouraging a
 plurality of lovers; and as a coquettish
 humour renders us contemptible in the
 eyes of all men of common sense, so a
 jilting one, for it can be called no other,
 makes us justly hateful.'

ARIANA was the daughter of a
 dignified clergyman, was perfectly agree-
 able

able in her person, and had a good share of wit. All this she, to her great misfortune, knew but too well; since her vanity rose to such a height as to obscure every good quality she had received from nature or education.

She looked upon herself as a little goddess, and imagined she was formed for universal adoration. Whoever did not flatter her beauty she hated, and despised all those that did. Neither birth, wealth, nor any kind of merit, had the least influence over her. She thought no man capable of deserving her; and tho' every new lover she attracted, gave her an exquisite pleasure, she felt yet more in using him ill.

Her father happening to marry when he was of a very advanced age, was almost superannuated when Ariana began to be taken notice of; and her mother was weak enough to humour her in all her affectations and vanities, which indeed she had no small share of herself. Both of them only laughed at the old gentleman's admonitions; and would frequently compel him to go to bed, while they went together to court on a ball-night, to a masquerade, or some other

other party of pleasure; whence sometimes they returned not till morning.

I was very intimate with Ariana, and she professed a more than ordinary regard for me; yet could I never prevail with her to be serious, or to enter into any improving conversation. All her discourse was on her lovers, and I never saw her in a composed humour but once, nor could that indeed be justly called so, but rather a fit of the spleen, and happened on an occasion which all my readers, that are not such as she was, must think pretty extraordinary.

She told me, that having been in a disposition to make trial of the passion of Dorimant, one of her admirers, she had bad him never see her more, on which he had vowed not to outlive so cruel a sentence; and she expected no less than to have heard the next day that he had poisoned, shot, or stabbed himself: But instead of doing any of these, she had just then met him in the Mall with two or three of his companions, and a countenance as gay and serene as ever.

This was a mortification she could not support with patience; and she confessed to me, that for a long time she had wished to have a man die for her.

‘ What

‘ What avails it, cried she, that a thousand of them tell me they cannot live without me? The real death of one of them would more establish my reputation than all the fine speeches they can make.’

Another time I happened to be with her when she was dressing in a new suit of very rich, and, I must own, well-fancied cloaths. After having asked my opinion over and over, concerning the colour, the making, trimming, and every particular, she started up on a sudden, and swam round the room, as if leading up a courrant; then turned to the looking-glass, and spreading her petticoats, repeated in a kind of rapture these lines from an old poet:

‘ With what an air she spreads her splendid train,

‘ And swept the youths along the green.’

‘ Ah, my dear, added she to me, it is not dress alone that captivates; it is the air of the person that does all.— Now do you think any body else would look so well as I do in these cloaths?’

I had often rallied her on this extravagant self-conceit, but without any effect;

fect; and, besides, was not at that time in a humour to do it, so only told her, as I was not a man, my opinion of the matter was of no great consequence; on which she burst into a loud laughter, and cried, ' That is true indeed !'

It would be endless to recount half the impertinencies I have heard from the mouth of this poor girl; yet all I was witness of were infinitely short of what I have been told by others. She was, it is certain, a very prodigy of vanity, and, without being a fool, was thoughtless, giddy, and unmeaning.

Often has it thrown me into the most melancholy reflections, to see a young creature, who really wanted no one requisite to be perfectly agreeable, taking pains to render herself so much the contrary by her affectation, wasting all those precious hours in admiring her face and shape in a looking-glass, which ought to have been employed either in working, music, painting, or reading some improving books, and perverting that capacity Nature had formed for the most useful studies, into those beneath the dignity of a reasonable being of what sex soever.

But

But I will not detain the attention of my reader with a too tedious description of this fine lady : Let any one only remember whatever various follies the whole sex has discovered, and then say to himself, they were all collected in Ariana.

Though the number of those who pretended a passion for her, exceeded perhaps what any woman in the world could boast of, yet not one of them ever gratified her pride so much as to lay violent hands on himself on her ill-treatment, or even to come to the point of marriage on her more favourable behaviour to him; and from fourteen to near four-and-twenty, she continued the general toast, without being the object of any particular attachment.

But now began the sad reverse of her condition. Her father died; and that income which had supported her mother and herself in the greatest extravagancies of dress, and the pleasures of the town, being dead with him, they soon experienced those wants they had never known to pity in others.

Still inconsiderate, however, and as thoughtless as ever, they went on in the
same

same wild way they had done, purchasing, and lavishing money on things they had no occasion for, till what little stock the old doctor had left behind him, being quite exhausted in trifles, they were obliged to make away with their jewels first, then plate and household furniture, and at last their very wearing apparel for the common necessaries of life.

As their conduct had never gained them any respect from people of understanding, so their calamities excited little compassion. The greatest part of those with whom they had been most intimate, took all imaginable care to avoid them, neither visiting, nor admitting any visits from them, and yet a far greater number treated them with contempt. All Ariana's lovers forsook her, and she had now sufficient leisure to make those reflections, which had she done before, she might perhaps have been happily married, it is certain at least not have fallen into those misfortunes she was now involved in.

A worthy prelate at last being informed of the old lady's distress, allowed her a small pension for life, on which she and her daughter subsisted, though in a very mean way; but on her death, which hap-

F pened

pened in less than a year, Ariana was left wholly destitute. The bishop defrayed the charges of the funeral, but withdrew his pittance, telling this poor unhappy creature, that as she had youth and health, it would better become her to get her bread by service, than to live a lazy life by charity.

Doubtless this seemed at first a very hard sentence to one accustomed only to command and be obeyed; but she took his advice, and went soon after to wait on a lady, who, like too many others, used her the worse for being well born; though the excuse she made for her harshness was, that knowing in what manner Ariana had lived, it was necessary to keep her under, since too great encouragement might make her forget the duties of her present station, and relapse into her former follies. As if servitude was not a sufficient mortification, without the addition of ill treatment; but I am sorry to have observed, that there are some who take a kind of pride in the affliction and depressions of such who have been once their equals.

Ariana was now looked upon to be grown as abject in her notions, as she had before been elated, and submitted to every
thing

thing with a patience which some imagin-
ed, came pretty near stupidity; but I am
of a different way of thinking, and call it
reason and resignation to the Divine will.
Not her own choice, but an accident that
happened in the family, separated her
from this first mistress, but she found not
much more indulgence from the second
she lived with; and her condition was ex-
tremely to be pitied, till Providence hav-
ing, by its chastisements, brought her to
a due sense of her former misconduct,
thought fit to put an end to the hardships
she had for more than eight years sus-
tained, and cast her lot among those who
treated her with as much kindness as the
others had done with severity.

A person who had been witness of some
part of her sufferings took pity on her,
and recommended her to the service of a
widow lady, who, among her other excel-
lent qualities, has that of taking a plea-
sure in the happiness of all about her:
With her this new reformed Coquet
still lives, and is likely to do so till the
death of one of them enforces a separa-
tion. Those few who are not too haughty
to see Ariana in this reduced state, will
own that her conversation is now infinitely
more worthy esteem, than when she shone

in jewels and all the pomp of dress, and was the belle of the town.

The sacred writings tell us, that it is good to be afflicted; but happy are those, who, by well bearing their calamities, convert them into blessings. Ariana, by throwing off all her former vanities, and retaining no pride but that of reserving her chastity and integrity amidst many temptations, proved, more clearly than ever it could have been in her power to have done without this change in her condition, that she had not only an excellent understanding, but also that the seeds of virtue and religion were thick sown in her soul, though both had so long been obscured, and laid dormant as it were, oppressed by flattered follies and the prevalence of ill example, from her who ought to have set only the best before her eyes.

AS I am one of those useless insects called a Gentleman, and though possessed of an active mind, have no vocation to exercise it upon; that I may in some measure be assistant to society, and at the same time prevent myself from falling into those inconveniences that people of my disposition are frequently led into by indolence;

dolence; I employ my talents, which are pretty much calculated for speculation, in observing the various motions of the human soul; and I am seldom satisfied if I see any extraordinary effect proceed from its workings, till I have traced the reason of it through its numerous labyrinths to the source of action. In order to become as far master of this knowledge as is possible, I not only read all the moral philosophers both ancient and modern, but mix with all ranks and conditions of men; and by habit have gained such a convenient flexibility, that in the same hour I can frown with the morose, and smile with the easy-tempered; I can be gay with the young, and serious with the old; andameleon-like, can assume any colour but that of injustice, falsehood, or active immorality. I am become so far an adept in this science already, that I am seldom at a loss to assign the cause of most events among my own sex, but must ingenuously confess that I am frequently confounded in my enquiries concerning the other. Whether this difficulty arises from the superior art that women have to conceal their designs, or whether they often do things without any design at all,

I cannot as yet determine; but it is certain the instability of that sex has been so unaccountable in all ages, that the ancient Egyptians, the inventors of hieroglyphicks, emblemized their disposition by a weather-cock; intimating, I suppose, that they were not actuated by reason so much as the casual turn of elementary causes. However, this inconvenience is in some measure alleviated, as one passion seems to be predominant in their constitution over the rest, and where that fixes, my philosophy has a guide and becomes of use. The reader will immediately guess I mean the love of conquest by their beauty; and who ever has made any observations among the ladies will agree with me, that the admiration of their persons is the surest key, except one, to their bosoms; and those who profess to wear their chains the most, easily become, instead of slaves, absolute masters. There are many other things, no doubt, that female ambition aims at, but this is the principal end of their endeavours. Anacreon very justly calls beauty the armour of the fair; and our countryman Milton, who by woeful experience was thoroughly versed in their sentiments, makes the serpent,

pent, before he tempts Eve to sin, prepare her heart for it in the following manner.

- " Fairest resemblance of thy Maker fair!
 " Thee all things living gaze on and adore,
 " With ravishment beheld! there best beheld
 " Where universally admired; but here
 " In this enclosure wild, these beasts among,
 " (Beholders rude, and shallow to discern
 " Half what in thee is fair) one man except,
 " Who sees thee? and what is one, who should'st
 " be seen
 " A goddess among Gods, ador'd and serv'd
 " By angels numberless thy daily train.
 " So glaz'd the tempter, and his poem tun'd;
 " Into the heart of Eve his words made way.

PAR. LOST, B. IX.

I never met a woman in my life so old or deformed, that had not a relish for this kind of flattery; and I appeal to the hearts of my fair readers, let their public declarations be what they will, if they have not more joy in being admired for the lustre of an eye, than for the brilliant turn of a sensible thought. I have been very much surpris'd for this reason, how the madrigal-writers can be so dull to compliment Cloe, Stella, or Sylvia on the excellence of their understanding, without taking a word of notice of the

ivory neck, lips that exceed the rose, and breasts the lily, &c. nay frequently to deery those external features, making them a foil to the beauty of the mind. Well, what is the consequence of this? The nymph receives the sonnet, frowns on her Philosophical Strephon, and tells him, she is sorry the acuteness of his wit has taken away the use of his eyes. This unconquerable, almost innate desire of being admired, is so universal, that frequently even women very near as chaste and cold as the feigned followers of Diana, have been imperceptibly led into the snares of love, by endeavouring to extend their sway over those who have seemingly been above their power; and the jealousy of another's making the conquest, has effected what the warmest solicitation had sued for in vain: so strong is the love of Idalian Empire.

I have almost copied the following story concerning a remarkable instance of this kind, from the ingenious Monsieur Bruyere. There lived at Avignon a beautiful young lady named Castalia, who was less known for her beauty than the severity of her manners; and above all for the cold indifference she shewed to men, with whom she boasted to converse
without

without any danger of love, and without feeling any other emotions from their conversation, than those she daily had among her female acquaintance and her brothers. She never would believe any stories they related of the force of love in all ages, for friendship was the only passion she was acquainted with. A young and agreeable companion, whom she had been brought up with from her infancy, was the only object of her thoughts; and all her study was to make their reciprocal amity lasting. She was always talking of Calista, for that was the name of her faithful friend; whilst most of her own sex, and all the other were entirely disregarded. However, she still continued to be the admiration of the men, and the more offers she rejected, the more her suitors encreased. An old count in the neighbourhood, of a rich and noble family, persisted the longest in his addresses; but at length tired with the fruitless pursuit, and reflecting on his own age and that of Castalia's, reason prevailed over his passion, and he declared he would trouble her no more on the subject of love, provided he might freely visit her as he did before the declaration of it. One day when the count came to make his usual

visit, he brought with him his son Hilario, a young man of an agreeable person, an engaging address, and a lively wit. Castalia, after the first introductory salutations, beheld him with a particular regard; but as he was silent in the presence of his father, she imagined he was deficient in understanding; and so that she was void of all apprehension of falling a victim to this new lover, as she imagined he would be. As soon as the old man was gone, Hilario gave her by his discourse a more advantageous idea of his wit; but as he did not admire her as others had done, and spoke nothing of her beauty, she began to be surprised and angry that so accomplished a youth, who seemed to have the finest taste for all other things, should be so blind to her perfections. When the first interview was over, she immediately went to her friend; and communicated this new uneasiness. Calista was seized with a desire of seeing this indifferent stranger. Accordingly some few days after they all three met by appointment. Hilario, after they had taken two or three turns in the publick walks, began to compliment, and say a hundred little amorous things to Calista; this was the first time Castalia had not been

been idolized above all her sex; her rage and pride grew so great at this loss of empire, that for fear of being discovered she pretended sudden illness, and left the company. From hence she began to look cool upon her friend, but appointed a second meeting in order to clear up her doubts. The second appointment shewed her what she feared to see, and turned her too well grounded suspicion into certainty. Stung with jealousy she leaves Calista, loses the taste for her conversation, and totally forgets the merit that had formerly charmed her; which change was too convincing a proof that love had supplanted friendship in her heart. In the mean time Hilario and Calista were married, the news was spread through the whole city, and every one congratulated them. Castalia hears of the marriage, feels her love and despair rekindled, and seeks again the acquaintance of Calista, only for the pleasure of seeing Hilario; but matrimony had no effect upon the young bridegroom, he still was the lover though a husband, still viewed the mistress in the wife, and never shewed any more esteem for Castalia, than for the friend of a person who was most dear to him. This unfortunate maid became at length through
 excess

excess of passion, distracted. She would mistake her own brothers for Hilario, and speak to them in the language of love; then find out the mistake, and blush at the disappointment. She would rave whole days and nights without resting, and the few intervals of reason only served to weep the recovery of it.

The Museum.

I DEDICATE this Paper to those that have to do with women of dilatory tempers, who are for spinning out the time of courtship to an immoderate length, without being able either to close with their lovers, or to dismiss them. I have many letters by me filled with complaints against this sort of women. In one of them no less a man than a brother of the coif tells me, that he began his suit *Vicesimo nono Caroli secundi*, before he had been a twelve-month at the Temple; that he prosecuted it for many years after he was called to the bar; that at present he is a serjeant at law; and notwithstanding he hoped that matters would have been long since brought to an issue, the fair one still demurs. I am so well pleased with this gentleman's phrase, that

that I shall distinguish this sect of women by the title of *Demurrers*. I find by another letter from one who calls himself Thyrsis, that his mistress has been demurring above these seven years. But among all my plaintiffs of this nature, I most pity the unfortunate Philander, a man of a constant passion and plentiful fortune, who sets forth that the timorous and irresolute Sylvia has demurred till she is past child-bearing. Strephon appears by his letter to be a very cholerick lover, and irrevocably smitten with one that demurs out of self-interest. He tells me with great passion, that she has bubbled him out of his youth; that she drilled him on to five-and-fifty; and that he verily believes she will drop him in his old age if she can find her account in another. I shall conclude this narrative with a letter from honest Sam. Hopewell, a very pleasant fellow, who it seems has at last married a Demurrer: I must only premise, that Sam. who is a very good bottle-companion, has been the diversion of his friends, upon account of his passion, ever since the year 1681.

“ DEAR

“ DEAR SIR,

“ You know very well my passion for
 “ Mrs. Martha, and what a dance she
 “ has led me: She took me out at the
 “ age of two-and-twenty, and dodged
 “ with me above thirty years. I have
 “ loved her till she is grown as grey as
 “ a cat, and am with much ado become
 “ the master of her person, such as it is
 “ at present. She is however in my eye
 “ a very charming old woman. We often
 “ lament that we did not marry sooner,
 “ but she has no body to blame for it
 “ but herself: You know very well that
 “ she would never think of me whilst
 “ she had a tooth in her head. I have
 “ put the date of my passion (*Anno Amo-*
 “ *ris Trigesimo primo*) instead of a posy,
 “ on my wedding-ring. I expect you
 “ should send me a congratulatory letter,
 “ or, if you please, an Epithalamium
 “ upon this occasion.

“ Mrs. Martha’s and your’s eternally,

“ SAM. HOPEWELL.”

In order to banish an evil out of the
 world, that does not only produce great
 un-

uneasiness to private persons, but has also a very bad influence on the publick, I shall endeavour to shew the folly of demurrage from two or three reflections, which I earnestly recommend to the thoughts of my fair readers.

First of all, I would have them seriously think on the shortness of their time. Life is not long enough for a Coquette to play all her tricks in. A timorous woman drops into her grave before she has done deliberating. Were the age of man the same that it was before the flood, a lady might sacrifice half a century to a scruple, and be two or three ages in demurring. Had she nine hundred years good, she might hold out to the conversion of the Jews before she thought fit to be prevailed upon. But alas! she ought to play her part in haste, when she considers that she is suddenly to quit the stage, and make room for others.

In the second place, I would desire my female readers to consider, that as the term of life is short, that of beauty is much shorter. The finest skin wrinkles in a few years, and loses the strength of its colouring so soon, that we have scarce time to admire it. I might embellish this subject with roses and rainbows, and several

ral other ingenious conceits, which I may possibly reserve for another opportunity.

There is a third consideration which I would likewise recommend to a Demurrer, and that is the great danger of her falling in love when she is about threescore, if she cannot satisfy her doubts and scruples before that time. There is a kind of latter spring, that sometimes gets into the blood of an old woman, and turns her into a very odd sort of an animal. I would therefore have the Demurrer consider what a strange figure she will make, if she chances to get over all difficulties, and comes to a final resolution in that unseasonable part of her life.

I would not however be understood, by any thing I have here said, to discourage that natural modesty in the sex, which renders a retreat from the first approaches of a lover both fashionable and graceful: All that I intend, is, to advise them, when they are prompted by reason and inclination, to demur only out of form, and so far as decency requires. A virtuous woman should reject the first offer of marriage, as a good man does that of a bishoprick; but I would advise neither the one nor the other to persist in refusing what they secretly approve. *Spectator.*

“ Mr. SPECTATOR, .

“ I DO not know that you have ever touched upon a certain species of women, whom we ordinarily call Jilts. You cannot possibly go upon a more useful work, than the consideration of these dangerous animals. The Coquette is indeed one degree towards the Jilt; but the heart of the former is bent upon admiring herself, and giving false hopes to her lovers; but the latter is not contented to be extremely amiable, but she must add to that advantage a certain delight in being a torment to others. Thus when her lover is in the full expectation of success, the Jilt shall meet him with a sudden indifference, and admiration in her face, at his being surprised that he is received like a stranger, and a cast of her head another way, with a pleasant scorn of the fellow's insolence. It is very probable, the lover goes home, utterly astonished and dejected, sits down to his scrutoir, sends her word in the most abject terms, that he knows not what he has done; that all which was desirable in this life is so suddenly vanished from him, that the charmer of his soul should withdraw the vital heat from the heart which
pants

pants for her. He continues a mournful absence for some time, pining in secret, and out of humour with all things which he meets with. At length he takes a resolution to try his fate, and explain with her resolutely upon her unaccountable carriage. He walks up to her apartment, with a thousand inquietudes and doubts in what manner he shall meet the first cast of her eye; when upon his first appearance she flies towards him, wonders where he has been, accuses him of his absence, and treats him with a familiarity as surprising as her former coldness. This good correspondence continues until the lady observes the lover grows happy in it, and then she interrupts it with some new inconsistency of behaviour. For (as I just now said) the happiness of a Jilt consists only in the power of making others uneasy: But such is the folly of this sect of women, that they carry on this pretty skittish behaviour, until they have no charms left to render it supportable. Corinna, that used to torment all who conversed with her with false glances, and little heedless unguarded motions, that were to betray some inclination towards the man she would insnare, finds at present all she attempts

tempts that way unregarded; and is obliged to indulge the Jilt in her constitution, by laying artificial plots, writing perplexing letters from unknown hands, and making all the young fellows in love with her, until they find out who she is. Thus, as before she gave torment by disguising her inclination, she now is obliged to do it by hiding her person.

As for my own part, Mr. Spectator, it has been my unhappy fate to be jilted from my youth upward; and as my taste has been very much toward intrigue, and having intelligence with women of wit, my whole life has passed away in a series of impositions. I shall, for the benefit of the present race of young men, give some account of my loves. I know not whether you have ever heard of the famous girl about town called Kitty: This creature (for I must take shame upon myself) was my mistress in the days when keeping was in fashion. Kitty, under the appearance of being wild, thoughtless, and irregular in all her words and actions, concealed the most accomplished Jilt of her time. Her negligence had to me a charm in it like that of chastity, and want of desires seemed as great a merit as the conquest of them. The air she
gave

gave herself was that of a romping girl. Whenever I talked to her with any turn of fondness, she would immediately snatch off my periwig, try it upon herself in the glass, clap her arms a-kimbow, draw my sword, and make passes on the wall, take off my cravat, and seize it to make some other use of the lace, or run into some other unaccountable rompishness, until the time I had appointed to pass away with her was over. I went from her full of pleasure at the reflexion that I had the keeping of so much beauty in a woman, who, as she was too heedless to please me, was also too unattentive to form a design to wrong me. Long did I divert every hour that hung heavy upon me in the company of this creature, whom I looked upon as neither guilty nor innocent, but could laugh at myself for my unaccountable pleasure in an expence upon her, until in the end it appeared my pretty insensible was with child by my footman.

This accident roused me into a disdain against all libertine women, under what appearance soever they hid their sincerity, and I resolved after that time to converse with none but those who lived within the rules of decency and honour. To this end I formed myself into a more regular
turn

turn of behaviour, and began to make visits, frequent assemblies, and lead out ladies from the theatres, with all the other insignificant duties which the professed servants of the fair place themselves in constant readiness to perform. In a very little time, (having a plentiful fortune) fathers and mothers began to regard me as a good match, and I found easy admittance into the best families in town to observe their daughters; but I who was born to follow the fair to no purpose, have by the force of my ill stars made my application to three Jilts successively.

Hyæna is one of those who form themselves into a melancholy and indolent air, and endeavour to gain admirers from their inattention to all around them. Hyæna can loll in her coach, with something so fixed in her countenance, that it is impossible to conceive her meditation is employed only on her dress and her charms in that posture. If it were not too coarse a simile, I should say, Hyæna, in the figure she affects to appear in, is a spider in the midst of a cobweb, that is sure to destroy every fly that approaches it. The net Hyæna throws is so fine, that you are taken in it before
you

you can observe any part of her work. I attempted her for a long and weary season, but I found her passion went no farther than to be admired; and she is of that unreasonable temper, as not to value the inconstancy of her lovers, provided she can boast she once had their addresses.

Biblis was the second I aimed at, and her vanity lay in purchasing the adorers of others, and not in rejoicing in their love itself. Biblis is no man's mistress, but every woman's rival. As soon as I found this, I fell in love with Chloe, who is my present pleasure and torment. I have writ to her, danced with her, and fought for her, and have been her man in the sight and expectation of the whole town these three years, and thought myself near the end of my wishes; when the other day she called me into her closet, and told me, with a very grave face, that she was a woman of honour, and scorned to deceive a man who loved her with so much sincerity as she saw I did, and therefore she must inform me that she was by nature the most inconstant creature breathing, and begged of me not to marry her; if I insisted upon it, I should; but that she was lately fallen in love with
another.

another. What to do or say I know not, but desire you to inform me, and you will infinitely oblige, Sir,

“ Your most humble servant,

“ CHARLES YELLOW.”

Spectator.

THERE is a species of women, whom I shall distinguish by the name of Salamanders. Now a Salamander is a kind of heroine in chastity, that treads upon fire, and lives in the midst of flames without being hurt. A Salamander knows no distinction of sex in those she converses with, grows familiar with a stranger at first sight, and is not so narrow-spirited as to observe whether the person she talks to be in breeches or petticoats. She admits a male visitant to her bed-side, plays with him a whole afternoon at piquet, walks with him two or three hours by moon-light, and is extremely scandalized at the unreasonableness of an husband, or the severity of a parent, that would debar the sex from such innocent liberties. Your Salamander is therefore a perpetual declaimer against jealousy, an admirer of the French good-breeding, and a stickler for freedom in conversation.

sation. In short, the Salamander lives in an invincible state of simplicity and innocence : Her constitution is preserved in a kind of natural frost; she wonders what people mean by temptations, and defies mankind to do their worst. Her chastity is engaged in a constant ordeal, or fiery trial : Like good Queen Emma, the pretty innocent walks blindfold among burning plough-shares, without being scorched or singed by them.

It is not therefore for the use of the Salamander, whether in a married or single state of life, that I design the following paper ; but for such females only as are made of flesh and blood, and find themselves subject to human frailties.

As for this part of the fair sex who are not of the Salamander kind, I would most earnestly advise them to observe a quite different conduct in their behaviour; and to avoid as much as possible what religion calls temptations, and the world opportunities. Did they but know how many thousands of their sex have been gradually betrayed from innocent freedoms to ruin and infamy ; and how many millions of ours have begun with flatteries, protestations and endearments, but ended with reproaches, perjury, and perfi-

perfidiousness; they would shun like death the very first approaches of one that might lead them into inextricable labyrinths of guilt and misery. I must so far give up the cause of the male world, as to exhort the female sex in the language of Chamont in the Orphan:

- “ Trust not a man, we are by nature false,
 “ Dissembling, subtle, cruel, and unconstant:
 “ When a man talks of love, with caution trust
 “ him:
 “ But if he swears, he’ll certainly deceive thee.”

I might very much enlarge on this subject, but shall conclude it with a story which I lately heard from one of our Spanish officers, and which may shew the danger a woman incurs by too great familiarities with a male companion.

An inhabitant of the kingdom of Castile, being a man of more than ordinary prudence, and of a grave composed behaviour, determined about the fiftieth year of his age to enter upon wedlock. In order to make himself easy in it, he cast his eye upon a young woman who had nothing to recommend her but her beauty and her education, her parents having

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been reduced to great poverty by the wars, which for some years have laid that whole country waste. The Castilian having made his addressees to her and married her, they lived together in perfect happiness for some time; when at length the husband's affairs made it necessary for him to take a voyage to the kingdom of Naples, where a great part of his estate lay. The wife loved him too tenderly to be left behind him. They had not been a shipboard above a day, when they unluckily fell into the hands of an Algerine pirate, who carried the whole company on shore, and made them slaves. The Castilian and his wife had the comfort to be under the same master; who seeing how dearly they loved one another, and gasped after their liberty, demanded a most exorbitant price for their ransom. The Castilian, though he would rather have died in slavery himself, than have paid such a sum as he found would go near to ruin him, was so moved with compassion towards his wife, that he sent repeated orders to his friend in Spain, (who happened to be his next relation) to sell his estate, and transmit the money to him. His friend hoping that the terms of his
ransom

ransom might be made more reasonable, and unwilling to sell an estate which he himself had some prospect of inheriting, formed so many delays, that three whole years passed away without any thing being done for the setting them at liberty.

There happened to live a French renegado in the same place where the Castilian and his wife were kept prisoners. As this fellow had in him all the vivacity of his nation, he often entertained the captives with accounts of his own adventures; to which he sometimes added a song or dance, or some other piece of mirth, to divert them during their confinement. His acquaintance with the manners of the Algerines, enabled him likewise to do them several good offices. The Castilian, as he was one day in conversation with this renegado, discovered to him the negligence and treachery of his correspondent in Castile, and at the same time asked his advice how he should behave in that exigency: He further told the renegado, that he found it would be impossible for him to raise the money, unless he himself might go over to dispose of his estate. The renegado, after having represented to him that his Algerine master would never consent to his

release upon such a pretence, at length contrived a method for the Castilian to make his escape in the habit of a seaman. The Castilian succeeded in his attempt; and having sold his estate, being afraid lest the money should miscarry by the way, and determining to perish with it rather than lose one who was much dearer to him than his life, he returned himself in a little vessel that was going to Algiers. It is impossible to describe the joy he felt on this occasion, when he considered that he should soon see the wife whom he so much loved, and endear himself more to her by this uncommon piece of generosity.

The renegado, during the husband's absence, so insinuated himself into the good graces of his young wife, and so turned her head with stories of gallantry, that she quickly thought him the finest gentleman she had ever conversed with. To be brief, her mind was quite alienated from the honest Castilian, whom she was taught to look upon as a formal old fellow unworthy the possession of so charming a creature. She had been instructed by the renegado how to manage herself upon his arrival; so that she received him with an appearance of the utmost

most love and gratitude, and at length persuaded him to trust their common friend the renegado with the money he had brought over for their ransom; as not questioning but he would beat down the terms of it, and negotiate the affair more to their advantage than they themselves could do. The good man admired her prudence, and followed her advice. I wish I could conceal the sequel of this story, but since I cannot, I shall dispatch it in as few words as possible. The Castilian having slept longer than ordinary the next morning, upon his awaking found his wife had left him: He immediately arose and enquired after her, but was told that she was seen with the renegado about break of day. In a word, her lover having got all things ready for their departure, they soon made their escape out of the territories of Algiers, carried away the money, and left the Castilian in captivity; who, partly through the cruel treatment of the incensed Algerine his master, and partly through the unkind usage of his unfaithful wife, died some few months after.

I AM one of those unhappy beings, who have been marked out as husbands for many different women, and deliberated a hundred times on the brink of matrimony. I have discussed all the nuptial preliminaries so often, that I can repeat the forms in which jointures are settled, pin-money secured, and provisions for younger children ascertained; but am at last doomed by general consent to an everlasting solitude, and excluded by an irreversible decree from all hopes of connubial felicity. I am pointed out by every mother, as a man whose visits cannot be admitted without reproach; who raises hopes only to embitter disappointment, and makes offers only to seduce girls into a waste of that part of life, in which they might gain advantageous matches, and become mistresses and mothers.

I hope you will think, that some part of this penal severity may justly be remitted, when I inform you, that I never yet professed love to a woman without sincere intentions of marriage; that I have never continued an appearance of intimacy from the hour that my inclination changed, but to preserve her whom I was leaving from the shock of abruptness, or the ignominy of contempt; that

that I always endeavoured to give the ladies an opportunity of seeming to discard me; and that I never forsook a mistress for larger fortune, or brighter beauty, but because I discovered some irregularity in her conduct, or some depravity in her mind; not because I was charmed by another, but because I was offended by herself.

I was very early tired of that succession of amusements by which the thoughts of most young men are dissipated, and had not long glittered in the splendor of an ample patrimony before I wished for the calm of domestic happiness. Youth is naturally delighted with sprightliness and ardour, and therefore I breathed out the sighs of my first affection at the feet of the gay, the sparkling, the vivacious FEROCULA. I fancied to myself a perpetual source of happiness in wit never exhausted, and spirit never depressed; looked with veneration on her readiness of expedients, contempt of difficulty, assurance of address, and promptitude of reply; considered her as exempt by some prerogative of nature from the weakness and timidity of female minds: And congratulated myself upon a companion superior to all common troubles and em-

barrassments. I was, indeed, somewhat disturbed by the unshaken perseverance with which she enforced her demands of an unreasonable settlement; yet I should have consented to pass my life in union with her, had not my curiosity led me to a crowd gathered in the street, where I found Ferocula, in the presence of hundreds, disputing for six-pence with a chairman. I saw her in so little need of assistance, that it was no breach of the laws of chivalry to forbear interposition, and I spared myself the shame of owning her acquaintance. I forgot some point of ceremony at our next interview, and soon provoked her to forbid me her presence.

My next attempt was upon a lady of great eminence for learning and philosophy. I had frequently observed the barrenness and uniformity of connubial conversation, and therefore thought highly of my own prudence and discernment when I selected from a multitude of wealthy beauties, the deep read MISOTHEA, who declared herself the inexorable enemy of ignorant pertness, and puerile levity; and scarcely condescended to make tea, but for the linguist, the geometrician, the astronomer, or the poet. The queen of the Amazons

was

was only to be gained by the hero who could conquer her in single combat; and Misothea's heart was only to bless the scholar who could overpower her by disputation. Amidst the fondest transports of courtship she would call for a definition of terms, and treated every argument with contempt that could not be reduced to a regular syllogism. You may easily imagine, that I wished this courtship at an end; but when I desired her to shorten my torments, and fix the day of my felicity, we were led into a long conversation, in which Misothea endeavoured to demonstrate the folly of attributing choice and self-direction to any human being. It was not difficult to discover the danger of committing myself for ever to the arms of one who might at any time mistake the dictates of passion, or the calls of appetite, for the decree of fate; or consider cuckoldom as necessary to the general system, as a link in the everlasting chain of successive causes. I therefore told her, that destiny had ordained us to part; and that nothing should have torn me from her but the talons of necessity.

I then solicited the regard of the calm, the prudent, the œconomical SOPHRO-

NIA, a lady who considered wit as dangerous, and learning as superfluous ; and thought that the woman who kept her house clean, and her accounts exact, took receipts for every payment, and could find them at a sudden call, enquired nicely after the condition of the tenants, read the price of stocks once a week, and purchased every thing at the best market, could want no accomplishments necessary to the happiness of a wise man. She discoursed with great solemnity on the care and vigilance which the superintendence of a family demands ; observed how many were ruined by confidence in servants ; and told me, that she never expected honesty but from a strong chest, and that the best storekeeper was the mistress's eye. Many such oracles of generosity she uttered, and made every day new improvements in her schemes for the regulation of her servants, and the distribution of her time. I was convinced, that whatever I might suffer from Sophronia, I should escape poverty ; and we therefore proceeded to adjust the settlements according to her own rule, fair and softly. But one morning her maid came to me in tears to intreat my interest for a reconciliation to her mistress, who

who had turned her out at night for breaking six teeth in a tortoise-shell comb: She had attended her lady from a distant province, and having not lived long enough to save much money, was destitute among strangers, and though of a good family, in danger of perishing in the streets, or of being compelled by hunger to prostitution. I made no scruple of promising to restore her; but upon my first application to Sophronia was answered with an air which called for approbation, that if she neglected her own affairs, I might suspect her of neglecting mine; that the comb stood her in three half-crowns; that no servant should wrong her twice; and that, indeed, she took the first opportunity of parting with Phillida, because, though she was honest, her constitution was bad, and she thought her very likely to fall sick. Of our conference I need not tell you the effect; it surely may be forgiven me, if on this occasion I forgot the decency of common forms.

From two more ladies I was disengaged by finding, that they entertained my rivals at the same time, and determined their choice by the liberality of our settlements. Another I thought myself justified

justified in forsaking, because she gave my attorney a bribe to favour her in the bargain; another, because I could never soften her to tenderness, till she heard that most of my family died young; and another, because to encrease her fortune by expectations, she represented her sister as languishing and consumptive.

I was known to possess a fortune, and to want a wife; and therefore was frequently attended by many hymenean solicitors, with whose importunity I was sometimes diverted, and sometimes perplexed; for they contended for me as vultures for a carcase; each employing all his eloquence, and all his artifices, to enforce and promote his own scheme, from the success of which he was to receive no other advantage than the pleasure of defeating others equally eager, and equally industrious.

An invitation to sup with one of those busy friends, made me by a concerted chance acquainted with CAMILLA, by whom it was expected, that I should be suddenly and irresistibly enslaved. The lady, whom the same kindness had brought without her own concurrence into the lists of love, seemed to think me at least worthy

worthy of the honour of captivity ; and exerted the power, both of her eyes and wit, with so much art and spirit, that though I had been too often deceived by appearances to devote myself irrevocably at the first interview, yet I could not suppress some raptures of admiration, and flutters of desire. I was easily persuaded to make nearer approaches ; but soon discovered, that an union with Camilla was not much to be wished. Camilla professed a boundless contempt for the folly, levity, ignorance, and impertinence of her own sex ; and very frequently expressed her wonder, that men of learning or experience could submit to trifle away life, with beings incapable of solid thought. In mixed companies, she always associated with the men, and declared her satisfaction when the ladies retired. If any short excursion into the country was proposed, she commonly insisted upon the exclusion of women from the party ; because, where they were admitted, the time was wasted in frothy compliments, weak indulgencies, and idle ceremonies. To shew the greatness of her mind, she avoided all compliance with the fashion ; and to boast the profundity of her knowledge, mistook the various textures of
 silk,

filk, confounded tabbies with damasks, and sent for ribands by wrong names. She despised the commerce of stated visits, a farce of empty form without instruction ; and congratulated herself, that she never learned to write message cards. She often applauded the noble sentiment of Plato, who rejoiced that he was born a man rather than a woman ; proclaimed her approbation of Swift's opinion, that women are only a higher species of monkeys ; and confessed, that when she considered the behaviour, or heard the conversation of her sex, she could not but forgive the Turks for suspecting them to want souls.

It was the joy and pride of Camilla to have provoked, by this insolence, all the rage of hatred, and all the persecutions of calumny ; nor was she ever more elevated with her own superiority, than when she talked of female anger, and female cunning. Well, says she, has nature provided that such virulence should be disabled by folly, and such cruelty be restrained by impotence.

Camilla doubtless expected, that what she lost on one side, she should gain on the other ; and imagined that every male heart would be open to a lady, who
made

made such generous advances to the borders of virility. But man, ungrateful man, instead of springing forward to meet her, shrunk back at her approach. She was persecuted by the ladies as a deserter, and at best received by the men only as a fugitive. I, for my part, amused myself a while with her fopperies, but novelty soon gave way to detestation, for nothing out of the common order of nature can be long borne. I had no inclination to a wife who had the ruggedness of a man, without his force, and the ignorance of a woman without her softness; nor could I think my quiet and honour to be entrusted to such audacious virtue as was hourly courting danger, and soliciting assault.

My next mistress was NITELLA, a lady of gentle mien, and soft voice, always speaking to approve, and ready to receive direction from those with whom chance had brought her into company. In Nitella I promised myself an easy friend, with whom I might loiter away the day without disturbance or altercation. I therefore soon resolved to address her, but was discouraged from prosecuting my courtship, by observing, that her apartments were superstitiously regular;
and

and that, unless she had notice of my visit, she was never to be seen. There is a kind of anxious cleanliness which I have always noted as the characteristick of a flattern ; it is the superfluous scrupulosity of guilt, dreading discovery, and shunning suspicion : It is the violence of an effort against habit, which, being impelled by external motives, cannot stop at the middle point.

Nitella was always tricked out rather with nicety than elegance ; and seldom could forbear to discover by her uneasiness and constraint, that her attention was burdened, and her imagination engrossed : I therefore concluded, that being only occasionally and ambitiously dressed, she was not familiarized to her own ornaments. There are so many competitors for the fame of cleanliness, that it is not hard to gain information of those that fail from those that desire to excel : I quickly found, that Nitella passed her time between finery and dirt ; and was always in a wrapper, night-cap, and slippers, when she was not decorated for immediate shew.

I was then led by my evil destiny to CHARYBDIS, who never neglected an opportunity of seizing a new prey when
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it came within her reach. I thought myself quickly made happy by permission to attend her to publick places; and pleased my own vanity with imagining the envy which I should raise in a thousand hearts, by appearing as the acknowledged favourite of Charybdis. She soon after hinted her intention to take a ramble for a fortnight, into a part of the kingdom which she had never seen. I solicited the happiness of accompanying her, which, after a short reluctance, was indulged me. She had no other curiosity in her journey, than after all possible means of expence; and was every moment taking occasion to mention some delicacy, which I knew it my duty upon such notices to procure.

After our return, we being now more familiar, she told me, whenever we met, of some new diversion; at night she had notice of a charming company that would breakfast in the gardens; and in the morning had been informed of some new song in the opera, some new dress at the play-house, or some performer at a concert whom she longed to hear. Her intelligence was such, that there never was a shew, to which she did not summon me on the second day; and as she hated
a crowd,

a crowd, and could not go alone, I was obliged to attend at some intermediate hour, and pay the price of a whole company. When we passed the streets, she was often charmed with some trinket in the toy-shops; and from moderate desires of seals and snuff-boxes, rose, by degrees, to gold and diamonds. I now began to find the smile of Charybdis too costly for a private purse, and added one more to six and forty lovers, whose fortune and patience her rapacity had exhausted.

IMPERIA then took possession of my affections; but kept them only for a short time. She had newly inherited a large fortune, and having spent the early part of her life in the perusal of romances, brought with her into the gay world all the pride of Cleopatra; expected nothing less than vows, altars, and sacrifices; and thought her charms dishonoured, and her power infringed, by the softest opposition to her sentiments, or the smallest transgression of her commands. Time might indeed cure this species of pride in a mind not naturally undiscerning, and vitiated only by false representations; but the operations of time are slow; and I therefore left her to grow
wife

wife at leisure, or to continue in error at her own expence.

Rambler.

WHEN I consider the false impressions which are received by the generality of the world, I am troubled at none more than a certain levity of thought, which many young women of rank and fortune have entertained, to the hazard of their characters, and the certain misfortune of their lives. The first of the following letters may best represent the faults I would now point at; and the answer to it, the temper of mind in a contrary character.

My Dear HARRIOT,

IF thou art she, but oh, how fallen, how changed? what an apostate! how lost to all that's gay and agreeable! To be married, I find, is to be buried alive; I can't conceive it more dismal to be shut up in a vault to converse with the shades of my ancestors, than to be carried down to an old manor-house in the country, and confined to the conversation of a sober husband and an awkward chambermaid. For variety I suppose you may entertain yourself with madam in her program gown, the spouse of the parish vicar, who has by this time,
I am

I am sure, well furnished you with receipts for making salves and possets, distilling cordial waters, making syrups, and applying poultices.

Blest solitude! I wish thee joy, my dear, of thy loved retirement, which indeed you would persuade me is very agreeable, and different enough from what I have here described: But, child, I am afraid thy brains are a little disordered with romances and novels. After six months marriage to hear thee talk of love, and paint the country scenes so softly, is a little extravagant; one would think you lived the lives of sylvan deities, or roved among the walks of Paradise like the first happy pair. But pr'ythee leave these whimsies, and come to town in order to live and talk like other mortals. However, as I am extremely interested in your reputation, I would willingly give you a little good advice at your first appearance under the character of a married woman. It is a little insolent in me, perhaps, to advise a matron; but I am so afraid you will make so silly a figure as a fond wife, that I cannot help warning you not to appear in any publick places with your husband, and never to saunter about St. James's Park together:

together: If you presume to enter the Mall together, you are ruined for ever; nor must you take the least notice of one another at the playhouse or opera, unless you would be laughed at for a very loving couple most happily paired in the yoke of wedlock. I would recommend the example of an acquaintance of ours to your imitation: she is the most negligent and fashionable wife in the world; she is hardly ever seen in the same place with her husband, and if they happen to meet, you would think them perfect strangers; she was never heard to name him in his absence, and takes care he shall never be the subject of any discourse she has a share in. I hope you will propose this lady as a pattern, though I am very much afraid you will be so silly to think Portia, &c. Sabine and Roman wives, much brighter examples. I wish it may never come into your head to imitate those antiquated creatures so far, as to come into publick in the habit as well as air of a Roman matron. You make already the entertainment at Mrs. Modish's tea table; she says she always thought you a discreet person, and qualified to manage a family with admirable prudence; she dies to see what demure
and

and serious airs wedlock has given you; but she says she shall never forgive your choice of so gallant a man as Bellamour, to transform him to a mere sober husband; it was unpardonable! You see, my dear, we all envy your happiness, and no person more than

Your humble servant,

LYDIA.

HARRIOT'S Answer.

BE not in pain, good madam, for my appearance in town; I shall frequent no public places, or make any visits where the character of a modest wife is ridiculous. As for your wild raillery on matrimony, it is all hypocrisy: You, and all the handsome young women of your acquaintance, shew yourselves to no other purpose than to gain a conquest over some man of worth, in order to bestow your charms and fortune on him. There is no indecency in the confession, the design is modest and honourable, and all your affectation cannot disguise it.

I am married, and have no other concern but to please the man I love; he is the end of every care I have; if I dress,
it

it is for him; if I read a poem or a play, it is to qualify myself for a conversation agreeable to his taste: he is always the end of my diversions: half my prayers are for his happiness. I love to talk of him, and never hear him named but with pleasure and emotion. I am your friend and wish you happiness, but am sorry to see, by the air of your letter, that there is a set of women who are got into the common-place raillery of every thing that is sober, decent, and proper; matrimony and the clergy are the topics of people of little wit and no understanding. I own to you, I have learned of the vicar's wife all you tax me with: She is a discreet, ingenious, pleasant, pious woman. I wish she had the handling of you and Mrs. Modish; you would find, if you were too free with her, she would soon make you as charming as ever you were, she would soon make you blush as much as if you never had been fine ladies. The vicar, madam, is so kind as to visit my husband, and his agreeable conversation has brought him to enjoy many sober, happy hours, when even I am shut out, and my dear master is entertained only with his own thoughts. These things, dear madam, will be lasting

ing satisfactions, when the fine ladies, and the coxcombs by whom they form themselves, are irreparably ridiculous in old age.

Spectator.

SYLVIA and AMORET were two sisters, of great beauty and accomplishments, but small fortunes; they were left very young to the care of an aunt, who having herself been very ill treated by a guardian, and confiding in their discretion, by her will left them their own mistresses at eighteen. They were soon after addressed, for marriage, by two gentlemen of great expectations, but whose fathers were alive, whom I shall call Philander and Biron.

Philander's father died in a short time after these attachments began: He immediately married Sylvia, and they were for a few months as happy as sincere mutual love could make them; but too soon the native inconstancy of his sex prevailed, and the wretched Sylvia experienced all the anguish and unutterable pangs of slighted tenderness; which were made doubly poignant by a sense of obligation, which nothing, but the utmost delicacy of affection, in the person

son who confers it, can make supportable to a generous mind. One affair of gallantry after another engaged him; and he regarded the once loved Sylvia, only as a restraint upon his pleasures, and an incumbrance on his fortune: he was gay and entertaining abroad; but at home, silent, reserved, and sometimes even churlish.

Amoret was one day lamenting the unhappiness of her sister to Biron, whose passion by length of time had lost its fervor, and whose mind, by a greater acquaintance with the corrupted part of his own sex, was much less delicate and sincere than when their intimacy commenced; after expressing the highest compassion for her sister, he told her, he was afraid the fault lay rather in the state than in Philander; that noble souls were impatient of restraint, and a great deal of common-place to the same purpose; and dropt a hint that he knew but one sacrifice, by which a woman of inferior condition, could convince her lover, beyond the possibility of doubt, that her affection was disinterested; and insinuated that he could not answer for his own behaviour in marriage, to one who should refuse him such a proof of regard.

H

Amoret,

Amoret, who had never before entertained the most distant suspicion of her lover's honour, was stung to the soul; she upbraided him in the severest terms that injured love could dictate, and forbade him ever to approach her again: after some faint endeavours to justify himself, he left her, glad of any excuse to break off a connexion, which, as his tenderness was worn out, he began to think an imprudent one. She still loved, though she despised, him: she had notwithstanding resolution enough to retire to a remote part of England, where she expected to be safe from his pursuit; a precaution however which was altogether needless, for he so faithfully obeyed her last command, that he never gave himself the trouble to enquire to what place she had retired, or in what situation of life she was. Her narrow fortune, as he well knew, was near exhausted, to which he had not a little contributed, by desiring her to appear in a manner becoming one, who would soon be his wife.

Soon after this misfortune of her sister, Sylvia died of a broken heart; and Amoret is now in the last stage of a consumption, in which she would want common necessa-

necessaries, but for the gratitude of an old servant of her mother's, who is the widow of a farmer in the country.

From this story, to which I could, if necessary, add more to the same purpose in my own knowledge, I would advise my female readers, who may be less obliged to fortune than to nature, rather to endeavour the making themselves acceptable to men of worth in their own rank of life, than to lay snares for men of superior condition, who from thence are so apt to suspect them of being governed by views merely mercenary, that they think every art justifiable on their side; and, if they betray them to want and infamy, will only suppose they have been playing upon the square.

Let them consider, that though they may preserve their innocence through a connexion of this kind, yet if it breaks off, from whatever cause, loss of reputation is the inevitable consequence: and, even if they succeed, they are probably as far from happiness, as ever, and, instead of an eternity of love, may find in a little time, disquiet, contempt and reproaches.

Marriage, where the disproportion of rank and fortune is very great, especially if the disadvantage is on the woman's side,

feldom turns out happy. There is so much delicacy required on the obliging side, to lessen the pain of receiving a benefit, and so much circumspection on the part of the obliged, to prevent suspicion of interestedness, that it is next to impossible that their lives can be passed agreeably. Equality is necessary to friendship; and without friendship marriage must be at the best insipid, but oftener of a state of perfect misery. *Old Maid.*

ABOUT four this afternoon, which is the hour I usually put myself in a readiness to receive company, there entered a gentleman who I believed at first came upon some ordinary question; but as he approached nearer to me, I saw in his countenance a deep sorrow, mixed with a certain ingenuous complacency that gave me sudden good-will towards him. He stared, and betrayed an absence of thought as he was going to communicate his business to me. But at last, recovering himself, he said, with an air of great respect, "Sir, It would be an injury to your knowledge in the occult sciences to tell you what is my distress; I dare say, you read it in my countenance: I therefore beg your advice to the most
"unhappy

“unhappy of all men.” Much experience has made me particularly sagacious in the discovery of distempers, and I soon saw that his was Love. I then turned to my common-place-book, and found his case under the word coquet; and reading over the catalogue which I have collected out of this great city of all under that character, I saw at the name of Cynthia his fit came upon him. I repeated the name thrice after a musing manner, and immediately perceived his pulse quicken two thirds; when his eyes, instead of the wildness with which they appeared at his entrance, looked with all the gentleness imaginable upon me, not without tears. “Oh, Sir,” said he “you know not the unworthy usage I have met with from the woman my soul doats on. I could gaze at her to the end of my being; yet when I have done so, for some time past, I have found her eyes fixed on another. She is now two-and-twenty, in the full tyranny of her charms, which she once acknowledged she rejoiced in, only as they made her choice of me, out of a crowd of admirers, the more obliging. But in the midst of this happiness, so it is, Mr. Bickerstaff, that

“ young Quicksett, who is just come to
 “ town, without any other recommen-
 “ dation than that of being tolerably
 “ handsome, and excessively rich, has won
 “ her heart in so shameless a manner,
 “ that she dies for him. In a word, I
 “ would consult you, how to cure myself
 “ of this passion for an ungrateful woman,
 “ who triumphs in her falsehood, and can
 “ make no man happy, because her own
 “ satisfaction consists chiefly in being ca-
 “ pable of giving distress. I know Quick-
 “ sett is at present considerable with her,
 “ for no other reason but that he can be
 “ without her, and feel no pain in the
 “ loss. Let me therefore desire you, Sir,
 “ to fortify my reason against the levity
 “ of an inconstant, who ought only to be
 “ treated with neglect.”

All this time I was looking over my re-
 ceipts, and asked him, If he had any good
 winter-boots — “ Boots, Sir,” said my
 patient—I went on; “ You may easily
 “ reach Harwich in a day, so as to be
 “ there when the packet goes off.”
 “ Sir, (said the lover) I find you design
 “ me for travelling; but alas! I have
 “ no language, it will be the same thing
 “ to me as solitude, to be in a strange
 “ country. I have (continued he, sigh-
 “ ing)

ing) been many years in love with this
 creature, and have almost lost even my
 English, at least to speak such as any
 body else does. I asked a tenant of
 ours, who came up to town the other
 day with rent, whether the flowry
 mead near my father's house in the
 country, had any shepherd in it? I
 have called a cave a grotto these three
 years, and must keep ordinary com-
 pany, and frequent busy people for
 some time, before I can recover my
 common words." I smiled at his raillery
 upon himself, though I well saw it came
 from an heavy heart. "You are (said
 I) acquainted, to be sure, with some of
 the general officers: Suppose you
 made a campaign." "If I did (said
 he) I should venture more than any
 man there, for I should be in danger of
 starving; my father is such an unto-
 ward old gentleman, that he would
 tell me he found it hard enough to pay
 his taxes towards the war, without
 making it more expensive by an allow-
 ance to me. With all this, he is as
 fond as he is rugged, and I am his
 only son."

I looked upon the young gentleman
 with much tenderness, and not like a

physician, but a friend; for I talked to
 him so largely, that if I had parcelled my
 discourse into distinct prescriptions, I am
 confident I gave him two hundred pounds
 worth of advice. He heard me with great
 attention, bowing, smiling, and shewing
 all other instances of that natural good
 breeding which ingenuous tempers pay
 to those who are elder and wiser than
 themselves. I entertained him to the fol-
 lowing purpose. "I am sorry, Sir, that
 " your passion is of so long a date, for
 " evils are much more curable in their
 " beginnings; but at the same time
 " must allow, that you are not to be
 " blamed, since your youth and merit
 " has been abused by one of the most
 " charming, but the most unworthy sort
 " of women, the Coquets. A Coquet is a
 " chaste jilt, and differs only from a com-
 " mon one, as a soldier, who is perfect
 " in exercise, does from one that is ac-
 " tually in service. This grief, like all
 " others, is to be cured only by time;
 " and although you are convinced this
 " moment, as much as you will be ten
 " years hence, that she ought to be
 " scorned and neglected, you see you
 " must not expect your remedy from the
 " force of reason. The cure then is only
 " in

"in time, and the hastening of the cure
 "only in the manner of employing that
 "time. You have answered me as to
 "travel and a campaign, so that we have
 "only Great Britain to avoid her in. Be
 "then yourself, and listen to the follow-
 "ing Rules, which only can be of use to
 "you in this unaccountable distemper,
 "wherein the patient is often averse
 "even to his recovery. It has been of
 "benefit to some to apply themselves to
 "business; but as that may not lie in
 "your way, go down to your estate,
 "mind your Fox-hounds, and venture the
 "life you are weary of, over every hedge
 "and ditch in the country. These are
 "wholesome remedies; but if you can have
 "resolution enough, rather stay in town,
 "and recover yourself even in the town
 "where she inhabits. Take particular care
 "to avoid all places where you may pos-
 "sibly meet her, and shun the sight
 "of every thing which may bring her to
 "your remembrance; there is an infecti-
 "on in all that relates to her: You'll find,
 "her house, her chariot, her domesticks,
 "and her very lap-dog, are so many instru-
 "ments of torment, Tell me seriously, Do
 "you think you could bear the sight of her

“fan?” he shook his head at the question, and said, “Ah! Mr. Bickerstaff, you must have been a patient, or you could not have been so good a physician.” “To tell you truly,” said I, “about the thirtieth year of my age, I received a wound that has still left a scar in my mind, never to be quite worn out by time or philosophy.

“The means which I found the most effectual for my cure, were reflections upon the ill use I had received from the woman I loved, and the pleasure I saw her take in my sufferings.

“I considered the distress she brought upon me, the greatest that could befall an human creature, at the same time that she did not inflict this upon one who was her enemy, one that had done her an injury, one that hath wished her ill; but on the man who loved her more than any else loved her, and more than it was possible for him to love any other person.

“In the next place, I took pains to consider her in all her imperfections, and that I might be sure to hear of them constantly, kept company with those her female friends who were her dearest and most intimate acquaintance.

“Among

“ Among her highest imperfections,
 “ I still dwelt upon her baseness of mind
 “ and ingratitude that made her triumph
 “ in the pain and anguish of the man who
 “ loved her, and of one who in those days
 “ (without vanity be it spoken) was thought
 “ to deserve her love.

“ To shorten my story, she was married
 “ to another, which would have distract-
 “ ed me, had he proved a good husband:
 “ but to my great pleasure, he used her at
 “ first with coldness, and afterwards with
 “ contempt. I hear he still treats her very
 “ ill; and am informed, that she often
 “ says to her woman, This is a just re-
 “ venge for my falshood to my first love:
 “ What a wretch am I, that might have
 “ been married to the famous Mr. Bicker-
 “ staff.”

My patient looked upon me with a
 kind of melancholy pleasure, and told
 me, “ He did not think it was possible
 “ for a man to live to the age I am now
 “ of, who in his thirtieth year hath been
 “ tortured with that passion in its vio-
 “ lence. “ For my part,” said he, “ I
 “ can neither eat, drink, nor sleep in it;
 “ nor keep company with any body, but
 “ two or three friends who are in the same
 “ condition.

“ There,”

“There,” answered I, “you are to
 “blame; for as you ought to avoid no-
 “thing more than keeping company with
 “yourself, so you ought to be particular-
 “ly cautious of keeping company with
 “men like yourself. As long as you do
 “this, you do but indulge your distem-
 “per.”

“I must not dismiss you without fur-
 “ther instructions. If possible, transfer
 “your passion from the woman you are
 “now in love with, to another; or if you
 “cannot do that, change the passion it-
 “self into some other passion, that is,
 “to speak more plainly, find out some
 “other agreeable woman: Or if you can’t
 “do this, grow covetous, ambitious, li-
 “tigious; turn your love of women into
 “that of profit, preferment, reputation;
 “and for a time, give up yourself entirely
 “to the pursuit.”

“This is a method we sometimes take
 “in physick, when we turn a desperate
 “disease into one we can more easily
 “cure.”

He made me little answer to all this,
 but crying out, “Ah, Sir!” for this,
 passion reduced his discourse to inter-
 jections.

“There

"There is one thing," added I, "which
 "is present death to a man in your con-
 "dition, and therefore to be avoided
 "with the greatest care and caution; that
 "is, in a word, to think of your mis-
 "tress and rival together, whether walk-
 "ing, discoursing, dallying——" The
 "Devil!" he cried out, "Who can
 "bear it?" To compose him, for I pi-
 "tied him very much; "The time will
 "come," said I, "when you shall not
 "only bear it, but laugh at it. As a
 "preparation to it, ride every morning
 "an hour at least with the wind full in
 "your face. Upon your return, re-
 "collect the several precepts which I have
 "now given you, and drink upon them a
 "bottle of Spaw-water. Repeat this eve-
 "ry day for a month successively, and let
 "me see you at the end of it." He was
 taking his leave, with many thanks, and
 some appearance of consolation in his
 countenance, when I called him back to
 acquaint him, That I had private infor-
 mation of a design of the Coquets to buy
 up all the true Spaw-water in town: Up-
 on which he took his leave in haste, with a
 resolution to get all things ready for entering
 upon his regiment the next morning.

Tatler.

AS

158 N U N N E R Y F O R

AS a rake among men is the man who lives in the constant abuse of his reason, so a Coquet among women is one who lives in continual misapplication of her beauty. The chief of all whom I have the honour to be acquainted with; is pretty Miss TOSS: She is ever in practice of something which disfigures her, and takes from her charms; though all she does, tends to a contrary effect. She has naturally a very agreeable voice and utterance, which she has changed for the prettiest lisp imaginable. She sees what she has a mind to see at half a mile distance; but poring with her eyes half shut at every one she passes by, she believes much more becoming. The Cupid on her fan and she have their eyes full on each other, all the time in which they are not both in motion. Whenever her eye is turned from that dear object, you may have a glance, and your bow, if she is in humour, returned as civilly as you make it; but that must not be in the presence of a man of great quality: For Miss Toss is so thoroughly well-bred, that the chief person present has all her regards. And she who giggles at divine service, and laughs at her very mother, can compose herself at the approach of a man of a good estate.

Tatler.

TO

TO know what a toast is in the country, gives as much perplexity as she herself does in town : And indeed, the learned differ very much upon the original of this word, and the acceptation of it among the moderns. However, it is by all agreed to have a joyous and chearful import. A toast in a cold morning, heightened by nutmeg, and sweetned with sugar, has for many ages been given to our rural dispensers of justice, before they entered upon causes, and has been of great and politick use to take off the severity of their sentences ; but has indeed been remarkable for one ill effect, that it inclines those who use it immoderately, to speak Latin, to the admiration, rather than information of an audience. This application of a toast makes it very obvious, that the word may, without a metaphor, be understood as an apt name for a thing which raises us in the most sovereign degree. But many of the wits of the last age will assert, That the word, in its present sense, was known among them in their youth, and had its rise from an accident at the town of Bath, in the reign of king Charles the second.

It happened, That on a public day a celebrated beauty of those times was in the
Cross

Cross Bath, and one of the croud of her admirers took a glass of the water in which the fair one stood, and drank her health to the company. There was in the place a gay fellow half fuddled, who offered to jump in, and swore, Though he liked not the liquor, he would have the toast. He was opposed in his resolution; yet this whim gave foundation to the present honour which is done to the lady we mention in our liquors, who has ever since been called a Toast.

Though this institution had so trivial a beginning, it is now elevated into a formal order; and that happy virgin who is received and drank to at their meetings has no more to do in this life, but to judge and accept of the first good offer. The manner of her inauguration is much like that of the choice of a doge in Venice: It is performed by balloting; and when she is so chosen, she reigns indisputably for that ensuing year; but must be elected a-new to prolong her empire a moment beyond it. When she is regularly chosen, her name is written with a diamond on a drinking glass. The hieroglyphick of the diamond is to shew her, that her value is imaginary; and that of the glass to acquaint her, that her condition

tion is frail, and depends on the hand which holds her. This wise design admonishes her, neither to over-rate or depreciate her charms; as well considering and applying, that it is perfectly according to the humour and taste of the company, whether the toast is eaten, or left as an offal.

The foremost of the whole rank of toasts, and the most indisputed in their present empire, are Mrs. GATTY and Mrs. FRONTLET: The first an agreeable, the second an awful beauty. These ladies are perfect friends, out of a knowledge, that their perfections are too different to stand in competition. He that likes Gatty, can have no relish for so solemn a creature as Frontlet; and an admirer of Frontlet will call Gatty a may-pole girl. Gatty for ever smiles upon you; and Frontlet disdains to see you smile. Gatty's love is a shining quick flame; Frontlet's a slow wasting fire. Gatty likes the man that diverts her; Frontlet him who adores her. Gatty always improves the soil in which she travels; Frontlet lays waste the country. Gatty does not only smile, but laughs at her lover; Frontlet not only looks serious, but frowns at him.

All

All the men of wit (and coxcombs their followers) are professed servants of Gatty : The politicians and pretenders give solemn worship to Frontlet. Their reign will be best judged of by its duration. Frontlet will never be chosen more ; and Gatty is a toast for life.

Tatler.

MR. Morrison, a young gentleman possessed of a considerable estate in W——shire, a very sensible, amiable man, paid his addresses to a young lady near Hanover-square (who lived with a female friend, and had a small independent fortune, without any body to controul her, as she had lost both her parents) obtained her consent to render him completely happy, and went down to his family-seat in order to make proper arrangements for the reception of his bride.

Miss DORMER was far from being a beauty, in the strictest sense of the word ; but she was extremely agreeable.—We often see agreeable women secure lovers, while handsome ones are only surrounded with admirers.

The female friend with whom Miss Dormer lived, was a Mrs. Dolby, a widow lady in easy circumstances, between whom
and

and Miss Dormer the sincerest friendship had subsisted, which continued, without interruption, till the death of her parents. By that event Charlotte became an orphan, and gave no small proof of her judgment and discretion by accepting of Mrs. Dolby's invitation to reside with her on her own terms.—Charlotte could not have pitched upon a properer person for her companion in every respect: for Mrs. Dolby had a solid understanding, knew a great deal of the world, and was in point of character unexceptionable.

Charlotte was of a very lively disposition, and there was a sufficient quantity of smartness in her conversation to render her an entertaining companion: but she was by no means worthy of the man to whom she had promised her hand, as she certainly had not a heart to give him at the same time.—The motives indeed, by which she was actuated, were entirely of the mercenary kind, though she had art enough to make Morrison believe that his love was returned; and her friend too was so far deceived by her behaviour, as not to suspect her sincerity upon the occasion.

Charlotte being one night in the front-boxes with Mrs. Dolby and other ladies,
while

while Mr. Morrison was at Myrtle-grove, was so transported by the attentions paid to her by Sir James D——, who sat behind her, that she gave him all the encouragement she decently could in so public a situation, though she was an abandoned libertine, and that he had ruined almost as many women as he had danced with; nay, tho' she was engaged to Mr Morrison in such a manner, that she could not admit the addresses of another man with honour.

When the entertainments of the theatre were over, the ladies who had brought Mrs. Dolby and Miss Dormer in their carriage, waited a good while with much impatience for their servant.—He came at last; but he not a little disconcerted them by saying, that the carriage was broken to pieces by some of the mob who had been at the Brentford election, because Peter (who was a North-Briton) would not cry out Wilkes for ever. As they were, however, as strong on the court side as Peter could possibly be, they did not blame him, and ordered chairs, but not without making many apologies to their companions for not being able to set them down.

When

When the Miss Chetwins were gone, Sir James, availing himself of the demolition of their carriage, offered to accommodate both Mrs. Dolby and Miss Dormer in his—"My chariot will hold three vastly well," said he, "and I shall think myself highly honoured with your company."

Charlotte immediately looked at her friend, as if she wished she would close with Sir James's offer: Mrs. Dolby, distressed for want of a servant, and imagining that the acceptance of it was allowable, on such an emergency, smiled her assent.

As soon as he had seen the ladies, under his care safely housed, he left them in the most respectful manner; but fixed his eyes on Charlotte with so tender an expression in them when he made his parting bow, that he raised a great disturbance in her bosom, before he quitted the room.

The departure of Sir James occasioned an interesting conversation between the two friends.

Mrs. Dolby having perceived the encouragement which Charlotte had given to Sir James during the play with concern, and considered her in a light in which she

she had never appeared to her before, in the light of a coquette, talked very seriously to her upon the impropriety of her behaviour. "What will Mr. Morrison think of you, my dear," added she, "if he hears of your encouraging the douceurs of any man in his absence, especially of a man whose gaieties have made such a noise in the world? I was obliged to him for his civilities this evening, and I have made proper acknowledgments for them, but I should be sorry to see him here as a visitor."

Charlotte's answer was sprightly, but not satisfactory; and they soon afterwards retired to their respective apartments.

Morrison, on his return to London, made his first visit to his lawyer, at whose chambers he met with an old friend of his, colonel Glover.—When he had withdrawn for about half an hour with the former, the latter said to him. "If you are not engaged, George, I wish you would go with me to my lodgings, I have something of consequence to communicate to you."

The colonel's lodgings were not far off; they soon, therefore, were in them.

"As

"As I have a sincere regard for you, my dear Morrison, I cannot see you imposed upon by a worthless girl"——

So unexpected a beginning made him look astonished: he coloured, and cried, interrupting him eagerly, "by whom, colonel?"

"Charlotte Dormer," replied the colonel coolly; "she is not in the least deserving of your esteem; and if you persist in your design to marry her, you will soon wish you had never made her your wife. She is"——

"The most amiable girl in the universe," again interrupted the fond lover, "and I'll hear nothing against her."

"Amazing infatuation!" replied the colonel; "but since you will not hear the truth, you shall see it."

He then took a letter out of his pocket—"This letter," said he, "I received not two hours ago from Sir James D——: read it calmly, read it unconvinced, if you can."

To colonel GLOVER.

"EVERY thing is ripe for conquest, and I shall carry the town before to-morrow morning. Charlotte Dormer
" is

“ is to meet me at mother Coupler’s this
 “ evening, fully believing, I dare swear,
 “ that I shall make her lady D——: I
 “ certainly intend to make a woman of
 “ her, my buck: you understand me.—
 “ Honest Dick Sulphur is to be the par-
 “ son.—Do come and see how finely I
 “ shall hum the dear creature: she is not
 “ quite handsome enough for me, but she’s
 “ a new piece; when I have done with her,
 “ she may go to the devil which way she
 “ pleases: Don’t disappoint me, Ned, if
 “ you love me.

Your’s J. D.”

“ Fire and furies, exclaimed Morrison,
 “ what an infernal letter!”

“ It comes from an infernal fellow,”
 said the colonel, “ and a very foolish one
 “ into the bargain. We have spent many
 “ evenings together over a bottle, and I
 “ have laughed very heartily at some of
 “ his execrable jokes; he, therefore,
 “ ranks me among his friends; but I ne-
 “ ver attend him in any of his diabolical
 “ expeditions. This particular design of
 “ his against Charlotte is the vilest he
 “ ever, to my knowledge, projected, and
 “ makes him appear to me in the most
 “ detest-

“detestable colours.—Vile, however, as
 “Sir James assuredly is, Charlotte’s be-
 “haviour will admit of no apology: it is
 “sufficiently evident now, that she con-
 “sented to be your wife, for the sake of
 “your fortune; and it is, I think, equally
 “evident, that she was tempted chiefly
 “by Sir James’s title to desert you.—
 “But I give you joy of your escape.—
 “You are musing, George, you don’t
 “hear me.”

“Ill as she has used me, colonel, I
 “cannot bear to think of her being so
 “infamously deluded out of her virtue.
 “—I shall never be able to venture up-
 “on her myself, after such treatment;
 “but she may, perhaps, when saved
 “from the precipice to which she is un-
 “thinkingly hastening, be so struck with
 “her deliverance, as to see the folly of
 “coquetting in its proper light, and make
 “some man hereafter happy in the mar-
 “riage state.”

The colonel warmly applauded him for
 his generous sentiments, and assisted him
 in snatching Charlotte from destruction.
 —They went immediately to Mrs. Dol-
 by’s.

Mrs. Dolby and Charlotte were both at
 home. — The colonel begged leave to
 I have

have a private interview with the former; while Morrison accosted Miss Dormer, as if he had heard nothing of her affair with Sir James.

The coldness with which she received him drew from him a few gentle upbraidings, which produced some very pert, and rather provoking answers from her; but he, instead of resenting them, astonished her at once with the discovery of her clandestine proceedings, and with the generosity of his behaviour.

He then touched the bell, and the colonel appeared with Mrs. Dolby.

Charlotte, who had not thought fit to trust her friend with her intentions with regard to Sir James, was so shocked at the sight of her, that she was ready to sink to the floor, the most striking picture of shame to be conceived.

When Mr. Morrison and colonel Glover wished Mrs. Dolby and Miss Dormer a good morning, they left the latter overwhelmed with shame and confusion, and the former extremely concerned to find that her young friend had played so imprudent a part: being a very friendly and candid woman, she pitied the situation into which her folly had thrown her, and instead of reproaching her for the indiscreetness

creetness of her conduct, gently chided
 her for not having had confidence enough
 in her to acquaint her with the move-
 ments which she had made in consequence
 of Sir James's addresses to her.—“If you
 “had thought proper to communicate
 “your intentions about Sir James D——
 “to me,” continued she, “I should
 “certainly have dissuaded you, with the
 “greatest earnestness from listening se-
 “riously to his addresses.—I was in hopes,
 “indeed, when I told you, on our com-
 “ing home from the Stratagem, that I
 “should be sorry to see Sir James as a
 “visitor here, you would have taken the
 “friendly hint: little did I imagine you
 “would have carried on a clandestine
 “correspondence with him. Had you
 “been open with me, had you made no
 “concealments” — “O madam,” said
 “Charlotte, interrupting her, “do not
 “drive me to distraction, by placing my
 “folly in such striking colours before me.
 “—I see myself in the most contempti-
 “ble light: I feel myself totally unde-
 “serving of your friendship: I am tho-
 “roughly mortified: I am miserable be-
 “yond expression.”

“Well, my dear,” replied Mrs. Dol-
 by, “I will not increase the load upon

“ your spirits which the discovery of this
 “ morning has occasioned. As you have
 “ sense enough to see the impropriety of
 “ your past conduct, you will, I hope,
 “ have resolution sufficient to guard
 “ against a disappointment of a similar
 “ kind.”

With these words she left Miss Dor-
 mer to her own reflections, which were
 almost too cutting to be endured.—
 “ Into what a despicable condition have
 “ I brought myself, and what an advan-
 “ tageous connexion have I lost by the
 “ absurdity of my carriage? Absurdity!
 “ that is too soft a Word. My conduct
 “ has been as dishonourable as it was ri-
 “ diculous; for after having promised to
 “ give my hand to Mr. Morrison, I acted
 “ most inexcusably in deserting him,
 “ especially in a manner so truly mean
 “ and ungenerous, without making him
 “ acquainted with my designs: but I
 “ have paid dear enough for my double-
 “ dealing, and will behave in a quite
 “ new way for the future. — I cannot
 “ bear, however, to remain in this neigh-
 “ bourhood after an affair so very much
 “ to my discredit; I will, therefore, go
 “ and persuade Mrs. Dolby to make a
 “ little tour, and to stay in the country
 “ till

“till the tongues of impertinence and censoriousness are weary of tearing me to pieces.”

Such was Charlotte's soliloquy; and at the conclusion of it she went to Mrs. Dolby's dressing-room to impart what she had determined to communicate to her.

Mr. Morrison, after his disappointment, which affected him deeply, (for as he really loved Charlotte, he expected to be very happy with her in the marriage-state, and did not in the least suppose that she would have so grossly jilted him) returned to his villa rather out of humour with the fair-sex in general, and almost vowed never to make his addresses to another woman. Sir James too was exceedingly hurt by his disappointment, and finding that the colonel had blown him, sent him a challenge couched in the following terms:

“SIR,

“AS you have taken it into your
“head to be very alert about an affair
“with which you had no sort of business
“in the world, and by intermeddling,
“deprived me of an infinite deal of pleasure,
“I demand the satisfaction which is
“due

“ due from one gentleman to another
 “ upon such occasions. If you are a man
 “ of honour, you will not fail to meet
 “ me to-morrow morning, at six o’clock,
 “ near the bason in Hyde-park, with
 “ pistols.”

J. D.

The colonel, who had as much spirit as any man in England, hesitated not a moment with regard to the acceptance of Sir James’s challenge, but could not help wishing that he had been called upon to shew his courage upon a more laudable occasion. He went to the place appointed, and in a short time gave Sir James sufficient reason to be satisfied both with his courage and his honour. Sir James was wounded, but slightly: the colonel had only, from the precipitation of his opponent, some parts of his dress damaged by an ill-directed bullet.

Mrs. Dolby being altogether of Charlotte’s opinion, that it was better for her to retire awhile from a tattling neighbourhood, told her she would go and make a visit to a lady of her acquaintance at C—, and look out for lodgings there, if she had no objection to that village.

Charlotte

Charlotte returned her many thanks for so kind a proposal, and declared herself in favour of C——; and Mrs. Dolby, therefore, carried her to Mrs. T——'s: and luckily found, upon enquiry, a house in which they could be decently accommodated not far from the lady whom she visited.

There are many people of both sexes who will not take advice; there are not a few who will not take warning: a considerable part of the fair-sex, particularly those of a coquetting disposition, are too apt to give us room to say, that admonition and experience are sometimes equally insufficient to correct the mistakes into which they have fallen from an intemperate love of admiration, and from an ardent ambition of making their fortunes by matrimony.—Charlotte Dormer was, unluckily for her, a female of this cast; and as she had been a Coquet from her cradle, all who knew her were encouraged to believe that she would coquet it to the end of the chapter.

In the week after Mrs. Dolby and Miss Dormer were settled in their country lodgings, the assembly night came about. Mrs. T——— being an indefatigable carder, never staid away from it, and

pressed Mrs. Dolby so much to accompany her, that she consented, though she had rather an aversion to cards. Charlotte was, indeed, extremely well pleased to make her public appearance, though previously informed that the C—— assembly was not a brilliant one; and that an odd mixture in the company was frequently observable. Her constitutional propensity prevailed over all considerations whatever, and she dressed with as strong a passion for conquest, as if she had been going to do execution among the smartest fellows in the kingdom.

Sir James D——, chagrined at the colonel's triumph over him, and doubly galled at his having snatched a delicious morsel from him, which he was on the point of devouring, could not think of being at rest while Charlotte, whom he longed more than ever to enjoy, was out of his clutches. As he was acquainted with all her motions by the diligence and activity of a faithful friseur, he heard of her design to appear at the C—— assembly with exquisite delight.

Papillote, being properly equipped, at his master's expence, and having received the necessary instructions from him, made his appearance at the assembly, richly dressed,

dressed, magnificently laced, and powdered to a charm—He attracted the eyes and the attention of the whole room at his entrance: he was a well-made fellow, and looked and moved the man of fashion. He had judiciously taken care to have his servants—for Sir James had furnished him with a dazzling carriage, and showy attendants—to put him off for a foreigner of distinction.

Papillote singled out Charlotte soon after his entrance. The minuets were all over, he therefore intreated the honour of her hand in the country-dances; and as she had not engaged herself, she readily accepted of him for her partner. She accepted of his hand with a sparkling satisfaction in her countenance, which made every girl in the room pale with envy, and peevish with vexation.

Charlotte found in her partner not only an expert dancer, but an entertaining companion, so that the evening went off in, the most spirited manner; she never had felt herself so happy in her life, for the particular civilities which he paid her, prompted her to draw the most flattering conclusions from them; and she really began to think towards the breaking up,

that she stood a fair chance of being the countess of Perlè.

The Count de Perlè (for so Papillote called himself) begged to have the honour of conveying her to her apartments.——

This request not a little embarrassed her. In so public a way she could not, she thought, with any propriety, consent to be carried home by a stranger in his carriage, without any other lady----She, therefore, acquainted him with her objections; and he immediately removed them, by telling her, that he should be exceedingly glad to have the company of her friend also.----All objections being thus obviated, Charlotte went to Mrs. Dolby, who not being willing to disappoint her, as she saw she eagerly wished to ride home under the protection of so glittering a personage, made an apology to Mrs. T—— for not returning with her, and suffered herself to be handed into the count's superb carriage.

When the count had secured his ladies, the coachman drove away with the utmost expedition towards London.--- Intoxicated with her situation, Charlotte did not know whither she was going; and Mrs. Dolby herself being artfully engaged by the count, was full as ignorant whither they were going.

In

In a short time, however, Mrs. Dolby discovered that they were not in the road to the house at which she and Charlotte lodged; and told the count that his coachman had made a mistake.

"No madam," said he, "the fellow is perfectly right. You must give me leave to execute a small scheme, and then I will, with infinite delight, return with you to C——."

In a few minutes after he had made that speech, which gave more astonishment than satisfaction, the carriage stopped at a very handsome house upon the road.

"Here, ladies," said the Count, "I live, and I must insist upon your supping with me."

Mrs. Dolby apprehending no ill consequences from complying with his invitation, was not less ready than Charlotte to quit the carriage into which they had been conducted.

The supper was elegant and well served; but it proved fatal to Charlotte.---During the course of the entertainment, the servants took care to infuse opiates into the liquors which the ladies called for.---Mrs. Dolby was sent home in a state of insensibility,

lity, and Charlotte found herself the next morning ruined by Sir James.

To the INSPECTORESS.

MADAM,

As I take it for granted a person of the Inspector's discernment would not have married a woman who did not know something of the world, I write to you as a casuist, in a matter that has long perplexed me; and as I know a man of so warm a heart could never have taken into his arms a female that wanted sensibility for the softest of all impressions, you seem doubly pointed out to me, by your office, as the proper judge in my cause.

That I am an advocate for love I need not tell you, when my name expresses me a woman. I have experienced it, and I find it the first, I think the only benefit allotted our nature: to be without it, were to be worse than without being: under the guardianship of innocence, 'tis the joy, for the service of which all others seem to have been created, to the advancement of which they all tend. To feel a worthy sense of the merit of the noblest part of the creation, how honourable to us! To be fond
of

of that which was formed for our support and protection, how natural, and how grateful ! But then to be admired, how ravishing ! You, who are a woman, and I dare say handsome, know 'tis the pleasure of a deity.

You will find me no advocate for any indulgences in this tender passion that are beyond the most rigid, the coldest bounds of decency and honour : to tell you my plain sense of the case, I see when they are transgressed there is always an end of the passion ; and I think we ought to be reserved for our own interests : but what I desire to be determined by you is, whether, within the bounds of decency, for that I dare say will answer all the same purposes with what old women call virtue, we may not indulge ourselves in all the glorious aggravations of the passion the other sex does. The Coquette now for instance, why should that name be a reproach to us, when the acting upon the same principles is an honour to the men ? a thing to boast of in their jovial moments ; nay, and a thing for which we in our hearts know we love them, unless when we happen to be the forsaken party.

I have always found, and so, I dare say, Madam, have you, and every agreeable

able woman in the world, that we can do what we will with a lover, while we have him wholly to ourselves; but as soon as ever he dares to venture on glorious inconstancy, the slave becomes our tyrant: he who has two mistresses, plays them off against one another, till he manages both as he pleases. Let us learn of the deceivers, and repel their insults with their own weapons. Surely we have more means of infidelity to our vows than they, and shall our dastard souls be afraid to employ them? Shall we be subjects where we may be Queens? Shall we obey, where we may command? Nature, ambition, the first, noblest principle of nature, forbids it: and to urge the execution, shall we decline using means to this purpose, which are themselves desirable?

The very Men like us the better for being admired by others: rivals spur them on to a thousand charming extravagancies, not one of which the virtues of a matron would exact from them. They will let alone for ever the thing which they know they may do when they please, but give them jealousy, and their next visit is to a parson.

Tell me but, dearest, kindest, best, wisest, honestest Amelia, that there is no-
thing

thing really amiss in a plurality of lovers, though a foolish custom has established coquettry as a crime or folly in us: and I will tell you, that I always knew it, and that I will always practise it. A fine lady with one lover! O la! Madam, 'tis a beau with one coat: if it hang eternally upon his shoulders, it will quickly be thread-bare; nay, he'll hate it, though it be ever so handsome; and throw it away whether 'tis worn out or no. When one grows old, or when one begins to find people have the malice to think so, why one may marry, and live soberly, and quietly, and comfortably; but while one can be adored by fifty of the finest fellows of the age at once, 'tis a scandalous piece of inhumanity to nine and forty of them to run away from them.

I know you'll tell me, that all our real ambition, whatever we may pretend, is to please the men: why, so it is; but sure it is better-natured to make I don't know how many of them happy than only one! You'll say, they don't like us, when we coquette it with every body we see: but, upon my honour, I believe you, and all the married women in the world are mistaken. There is no way to judge of the
men

men so well as measuring their inclinations by our own; and I must profess to all the world, that though I have some time admired the noble, generous, virtuous constancy of a cold lover, and thought myself obliged to the man who despised every body in the world for my sake, yet I never was so heartily in love with any body in my life, as once with that impudent fellow, your husband, when he told me, with all the gaiety of youthful Anacreon,

“ Talk not of inconstancy,
 “ False hearts and broken vows;
 “ If I by miracle can be,
 “ This live-long minute true to thee,
 “ 'Tis all that heaven allows.

We are fond, if it be but of a share of what every body is longing for, while we despise the whole of a dainty, that nobody else takes any notice of: this you know well enough is a picture of our own hearts; and what are we to think of the men's, if they are not of the same mould? Their words, I know, contradict it, but I refer you to their actions, and tell me, if you dare, that they are not like them.

In

In short, till I shall think of marrying, which I don't believe I shall do in haste, unless a man should be made on purpose for me, what reason can there be in the world, why I, who like one man as well as another, should not give any body that pleases, leave to be gallant to me; and while I know from my heart, that they are worshipping me with false vows, false protestations, and false adoration; why should not I receive them, with false favour, and hear them with a false indulgence?

Every thing that's pretty in love? every thing that's permanent in it, till people come to be married, is to be had this way; and all the while, though one doats to death, one may keep one's heart as secure as one's innocence; which I don't take to be at all the case, when we have all the attacks from one quarter.

You see I have the highest sense of love, and that I have it in the most refined light: the esteem of the man is what I prize above all things in the universe: and I would therefore have as much of it as possible. Tell me only that an ambition of this kind is innocent, and I know it is laudable: pray give me a whole

whole paper upon the subject, and do it quickly.

Your's in all rapture,

LESBIA.

*** It is the opinion of the Inspectors, that her correspondent has no sense of love at all: she farther delivers it as her sentiment, that a multiplicity of lovers is impracticable; for that she, who has but two, can never be esteemed by one of them.

Inspector.

A M E L I A.

AMASINA had a form so every way exact, that envy itself could find nothing to object against it:—all other beauties lost their charms when she appeared, and seemed but as stars in the presence of the sun:—she was what the song describes,

“ Fairest among the fair.”

Her high birth, and the accomplishments she was mistress of, heightened the graces of her person, and scarce any age ever produced an object of more universal admiration. But of all the addresses made to her, those of Palamon were

were the most countenanced by her noble parents, and agreeable to herself:—his virtue, good sense, and breeding, made him respected by them, as the gracefulness of his person gave him the advantage in her eyes, above all others who pretended to her, though some there were whose estates were far superior, and whose declarations of love were also accompanied with a greater shew of vehemence.

Palamon, it is certain, was a lover of that sort which all women, who judge as they ought to do, would approve;—his professions were accompanied with no adulations, no extravagancies;—his passion was perfectly sincere and tender, but was far from either jealousy or impetuosity:—he could know his rivals without challenging them to fight, and could bear the little slights she sometimes affected to treat him with, and not immediately swear he would throw himself upon his sword.

Amasina, too conscious of her charms, was sometimes very uneasy that she could render him no more so; and imagining she had begun to place her affections on a man who had not that deference for her which she merited, made use of her utmost efforts to withdraw it.—to this end she indulged

dulged her natural propensity to gaiety, in going to all public places, listened to the vows of every one who presumed to make them; and in fine, became a perfect Coquette: this method seemed to her the only one to render him more assiduous, and at the same time to regain that liberty for her own heart which she found the inclination she had to him above all other men, was beginning to enthrall. "All I desire in the world," said she one day to a person who afterwards repeated it to me, "is to see the insensible Palamon, dying with despair at my feet; and that I may, from my very heart, despise and hate him."

How successful soever this way of proceeding may sometimes have been found, it was far from answering the end Amasina proposed by it; and instead of rendering Palamon more submissive than he had been, made her appear to him every way less worthy of respect.

As he truly loved her, and looked on her as a woman who was shortly to be his wife, all the little levities of her behaviour seemed to him as so many wounds to his own honour; and he could not therefore forbear representing to her, how unworthy of them both it was, that she should be
so

so frequently seen at places, and with company, which he told her he was sure she must be sensible herself, gave occasion of censure to malicious tongues.

She affected to resent the liberty he took, but was in her heart pleased to find he was piqued at what she did, because she took it as a proof of his love, as indeed it was; but then she too much depended on the force of that love, and flattered herself with a belief, that at last it would humble him into that tame enduring admirer she wished:——to this end, therefore, she studied eternally how to give him fresh matter of disquiet;——she contrived to be always abroad at those hours when she expected him to visit her;——she passed her whole days in going from one public place to another;——would often leave word at home, that if he desired to see her, he might come to lady Diamond's, miss Toywell's, or some other of her female acquaintance, whose conduct she knew he the most disapproved of any she had:——she suffered beau Trifle, a creature whose conversation was shunned by every woman of prudence, to romp with her before his face; and, in fine, did even a violence to her own inclinations, as well as to her reputation, only to make trial
how

how far the love Palamon had for her would compel him to bear.

Poor unthinking lady! little did she foresee the consequences of this behaviour; and being guilty of no real crime, was too neglectful what the appearance of it would in time subject her to:—her mother, though a woman of gaiety herself, was vexed to find her daughter give into such excesses, as all her friends and kindred highly blamed her for permitting, and did all in her power to prevail on her to be at least more cautious to prevent scandal: but Amasina contented herself with listening to her reproofs without being at all amended by them; and thinking she was the best judge of her own actions, persisted as she had begun, till by long assuming a boldness, which at first was far from being natural to her, she at last really lost all that simplicity and sweet timidity so becoming in a virgin state:—fierce fires now sparkled in her eyes;—her voice became more shrill;—she talked incessantly;—she laughed aloud;—she blushed not at hearing a loose song, nor started at freedoms she would once have thought a violation of decency and good manners.

Palamon

Palamon was both surprized and grieved to find this change in a person whom he loved with the utmost tenderness, and had flattered himself of being one day happy with:—he intreated her with all the moving eloquence of an honourable affection, that for her own sake, if not for his, she would reflect on her present conduct, and return once more to her amiable former self:—he represented to her, how unworthy of her conversation some of those were who now were honoured with it;—that little solid happiness was to be found in those noisy and tumultuous pleasures, to which she had, of late, too much devoted her time; and touched, though with all the gentleness he could, on the censures she incurred, and the dangers she was liable to fall into, by thus indiscriminately suffering herself to be led into all sorts of company, and even into places resorted to by the most irregular of both sexes.

These remonstrances she sometimes affected to ridicule, and at others to resent; not but she had too much sense not to allow the justice of them: but as her whole aim in acting in the manner she did, was to bring him to such a temper of mind as to subject his very reason to her will, and to think

think every thing justifiable she did, she resolved to make no alteration in her conduct, till he should say with the lover, in one of Mrs. Centlivre's comedies,

“ No follies fatal to the fair can prove,

“ All things are beauties in the nymph we love.”

Some men, it is certain, have behaved with that slavish dependance before marriage, who afterwards have become very tyrants, and made their wives dearly pay for all the submissions they exacted from them while they were mistresses.

Palamon, however, was of a quite contrary disposition:—he did not desire to marry Amasina but with a view of living with her in that happy equality which was doubtless intended by the institution; and though nothing could be more sincere and ardent than the passion he had for her, yet he could neither think of making her his wife while she continued in this inordinate love of unbecoming pleasures, nor of exerting the power of a husband in order to reclaim her:—the one he knew was inconsistent with his honour, the other with his peace of mind, both which were extremely dear to him; and though
on

on many occasions he had room to believe he was not indifferent to her, yet as he found the regard she had for him was not of force enough to restrain her from being guilty of any one thing he had testified his disapprobation of, he resolved rather to break off with her intirely, and suffer all the pangs such a parting must inflict, than subject himself to others of a yet more alarming kind, and which might probably be as lasting as his life.

With what prodigious difficulty he brought himself to determine in this fashion, none but those possessed of an equal share of affection can possibly conceive; so I shall only say that it was such, as he stood in need of all his fortitude and good understanding to surmount.—I have been told by one who knew him well, and was indeed the confidante of his most secret thoughts, that he has seen him in agonies such as he often feared would have been mortal, and which he imagined, till he was convinced to the contrary, would have got the better of all his resolution! so hard it is to wean the heart from an object it has been long accustomed to love, and which has some merits to atone for its defects!

K

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Had Amasina seen him in these conflicts, it is probable her good-nature would have been too strong for her vanity, and she would have abated some part of those submissions she expected from him, in consideration of the rack he sustained; and thought that that alone was sufficient to prove the height of passion she wished to inspire in the man on whom she intended to bestow herself.

But it was not her good fortune to be informed of any part of what he suffered; —he revealed himself to none that would betray it to her, and the greatness of his spirit would not permit him to behave in her presence, so as to enable her to penetrate into his soul; so that she knew no more than that he had the presumption to attempt bringing her over to his way of thinking, and obliging her to live according to his rules, and for that very reason thought she should be guilty of an injustice to herself not to shew him the vanity of such an essay, and that she knew he ought rather to be pleased with every thing she did merely because she did it.

This kind of struggle between them, and that Palamon had with himself, continued for some time; but at last his love, insulted

insulted by additional provocations, yielded to his reason ; and all the spells her enchanting beauty had laid upon him, lost their power at once:—he sat down, and in the presence of that friend, who was the sole repository of his secrets, wrote to her in the following terms :

To the lovely thoughtless AMASINA.

“ SINCE unjust and cruel to
 “ yourself, as well as to the most sincere
 “ passion ever heart was possessed of, you
 “ prefer those trifling diversions, un-
 “ worthy to be called pleasures, and the
 “ gallantries of men, whom, I have still
 “ too good an opinion of you, not to as-
 “ sure myself, you in reality despise, to
 “ your own reputation and my eternal
 “ peace ; you ought not, nor I flatter
 “ myself will, accuse me of inconstancy,
 “ if I no longer submit to mingle with
 “ the herd, whose addresses you have,
 “ of late, not only permitted but en-
 “ couraged ; nor can I think of passing
 “ my whole life with a lady, who seems
 “ determined to devote all her’s in scenes
 “ no way suited to render the marriage-
 “ state agreeable:—my intreaties, my

196 N U N N E R Y F O R

“ remonstrances, my disquiets, my very
“ tears, have not only been ineffectual
“ to prevail on you to make the least alte-
“ ration in your conduct, but have served
“ as matter of ridicule and derision among
“ your more gay acquaintance: you
“ shall, therefore, no more be persecuted
“ with them, and now I take my ever-
“ lasting leave, which I had done in
“ person, having often been to wait on
“ you for that purpose, but heard you
“ were in places, where I thought it in-
“ consistent with that character I would
“ always endeavour to preserve, to go
“ seek you in.—With what difficulty I
“ brought myself to this resolution, I
“ need not tell you, who are enough sen-
“ sible of the force your charms have
“ had upon me; but I am the more con-
“ soled, as it cannot but be agreeable to
“ you, since you have taken so much
“ pains to enable me to accomplish so
“ painful a task, and to convince me it is
“ the only thing can be acceptable to
“ you from

“ The unfortunate PALAMON.

P. S. “ I

P S. " I cannot restrain my pen from
 " bidding you once more farewell;
 " and wishing you may find, in some
 " more happy man, those merits which
 " may prevail on you to render him
 " completely blest, by resuming those
 " perfections, which, perhaps, your
 " dislike of me made you, for a time,
 " suspend."

Amasina was at a masquerade when this letter arrived, so that it came not to her hands till the next morning at her return:—a bitter sequel of the last night's pleasure!—Amazement and rage at first took up all her thoughts, and left no room for admittance to the softer passions:—she knew not she either loved Palamon, or was grieved at being forsaken by him; but a few moments after convinced her she did both: she went not now to bed as was her custom after coming from the Hay-market;—no repose remained for her heart or eyes;—by turns she wept and raved,—upbraided the inconstancy of Palamon, and her own want of charms; cursed the haughtiness of his spirit, and her inability of bending it, and laid the blame of her misfortune on every thing but that which alone was the occasion, her own ill conduct.

She was in agitations, such as were very near throwing her into fits, when Armico her brother happened to come into her chamber, and asking the meaning of that disorder, which was visible in all her air and countenance. — “Palamon,” cried she, at the same time bursting into a flood of tears, “has used me ill.”

“How!” cried the impatient Armico, who was a kind of a Chamont, and had no less affection for his sister than the poet has bestowed on that young warrior, — “Quick, — let me know in what, “that I may fly to revenge your cause.”

“Read there,” replied she, pointing to the letter which lay open upon the table; “he has the impudence to renounce “his vows, to abandon me, and then “lay the blame of his falshood on my “innocent diversions.”

Armico took fire immediately, and without giving himself the trouble of examining any farther than five or six lines, swore that Palamon was a villain, and that he would not suffer the honour of his family to be abused; and a thousand such-like speeches, which rash young men are apt to make on causes of this nature, however groundless or imaginary. — Pursuing the dictates of his rage, and without

without giving himself any time for reflection, he flew out of the room, and sent a challenge to Palamon, requiring him to meet him at a place he mentioned, and was proper enough for the purpose, with sword and pistol, to answer the indignity he had offered to their family, in the person of Amasina.

This he sent by his valet de chambre, whom he charged to bring back an answer; but he soon returned, letting him know it was not in his power to obey him, Palamon having left London the evening before, in order to retire to his country-seat.

Armico, at first, was enraged at the disappointment of that revenge he imagined himself sure of taking on Palamon: but his passion soon after growing more cool, he did not think fit to follow him; especially as his father, being informed the same day of all that had happened, absolutely forbid him to make any noise of the affair, and seemed to acknowledge, that Palamon had behaved no otherwise than as a reasonable man, and Amasina, that if she looked on the loss of him as a misfortune, had nobody, in reality, to accuse but herself.

Palamon, in fact, had no sooner dispatched his letter to Amasina than he wished it back : — a flood of tenderness returned upon his heart, and made her appear less faulty than he before had thought her : — he had accused himself of having taken his farewell in too harsh and unbecoming terms, and wished he had at least done it with more softness ; but on his servant's return, and informing him she was gone to the masquerade, he grew more satisfied with what he had done ; and convinced it was right to part with a woman, whom there was not the least appearance of ever being happy with, to prevent the interposition of friends, and put it out of his own power to recede from what he had wrote, absence seemed to him the only sure way : therefore, without any longer delay than the time his horses were putting to the chariot, quitted the town immediately, taking with him that above-mentioned friend, whose advice and company he knew would strengthen him in his resolution, and console him in the pains he endured, while tearing the once precious image of Amasina from his heart.

To be told of his departure, inflicted on that unhappy lady agonies more cruel than

than all his letter had done : she now was assured he was in earnest ; — that he was inevitably lost ; — and by the violence of her grief, knew the violence of the love that had occasioned it : — all the pride, the vain desire of conquering his reason, and rendering it subservient to her will, which had prompted her to act as she did, was now no more : — gladly would she have yielded to relinquish every joy for that of retrieving his affections ; and, perhaps, even descended to confess how far she had been to blame, had he been present to desire it of her ; but he was at too great a distance, and to write she thought would be demeaning herself too much, and might make him rather despise than love her.

All he so long, and with so much ardency, in vain attempted to bring to pass, while he was present and continued to admire her, was however effected by his forsaking her. — What was denied to love, despair enforced ! She looked back with wonder and detestation on those irregularities which had deprived her now of him ; and it became as great a prodigy to see her at any public place of diversion, as it had lately been to find her absent : — she has, ever since his breaking with her, been

that reserved, that prudent Amasina he had so much wished to find her, and which would have made him the happiest of mankind; but it is now too late to be any other than a matter of indifference to him; and is accompanied with a misfortune to herself, which is, that the remembrance of his passion, and the ill return she made, will not permit her to entertain the least regard for any other man, though still addressed by the noblest youths of Britain.

Palamon had not been many months in the country, before he became acquainted with a young lady, who, though not altogether so resplendent a beauty as Amasina, wanted not charms to render any man forgetful of a mistress, by whom he thought himself ill treated; and had besides, all those perfections of the mind, which Palamon set so high a value on:—in fine, he made his addresses to her, was received by her relations with the highest approbation, and by herself with a modest kindness:—the courtship lasted no longer than decency required:—the equally desired ceremony completed both their wishes, and they continue mutual patterns of conjugal affection; while poor Amasina
suffers

suffers her bloom to wither in secret repinings and unavailing repentance, her affliction heavier to be borne by the endeavours she makes to conceal it.

By this example young ladies ought to be warned, how dangerous it is to sport with the affections of a man of sense: — a fop, a fool, who has no sensibility of what is owing to the woman he addresses, or to himself, may think the little artifices, which some make use of, in order to inflame their lovers, as a pretty amusement, and be delighted with those jealousies which neither give him real pangs, nor the eclairsissement of any real pleasure; but the man who loves sincerely, and sees through such idle stratagems, cannot but resent, and at last despise them.

Female Spectator.

The two following letters, the first of which exposes the folly and danger of encouraging many admirers, whilst the second instructs the fair sex in the art of pleasing, cannot be thought improper in this volume, the professed design of which is to promote the happiness, by endeavouring to remove the obstacles which frequently prevent the union of the sexes.

Dear

Dear Millamant.

I AM sorry to find a pain in any thing that gives you pleasure; yet will not the sincere friendship I have for you permit me to be silent, while I see you hurried by a youthful vanity into a conduct which must in time be fatal to your peace of mind and reputation:—Consider, my dear, the incongruity of your behaviour:—You affect to laugh at the woes of love, to be above all susceptibility of that passion, yet take all imaginable pains to inspire it in others:—nothing delights you more than a new conquest, and how many soever you make, you cannot support the loss of one with any tolerable degree of patience:—How many arts do you put in practice to secure the heart you despise! what trouble do you give yourself to prolong the devoirs you are determined never to reward! for heaven's sake, ask yourself what you propose by all this, and what will be the consequence? When your lovers swear they die for you, our either do, or do not give credit to their oaths; if the former, your manner of acting is the height of ill nature and cruelty; if the latter, you should, methinks, instead of being proud, rather be ashamed to reflect you gave any encouragement

encouragement for so gross an attempt, to impose on your understanding:—It is ungrateful and unjust to sport with the pains of a worthy man;—it is mean to flatter the vain views of an insincere and empty coxcomb.—But it is not for the one, or the other, but for yourself I am chiefly concerned:—Remember the fate of Melinda, as described by good old Drayton.

“ Melinda spread her splendid train,
 “ And swept the youths along the plain :
 “ By turns she smil’d, by turns she frown’d
 “ on every slave,

“ Hope and despair alternate gave :
 “ But ah! how humbled was her pride !
 “ They found her aim was only to give pain,
 “ So broke at once the servile chain,
 “ And all her arts defy’d.

“ Or on the walks, or on the green,
 “ No more she seems the Woodland queen!
 “ No more her breast the glow of triumph
 “ warms.

“ While in their bloom neglected are her
 “ charms.

“ Her votaries once indignant now,
 “ Pass scornful by, and scarce vouchsafe a
 “ bow;

“ Requital just! the nymphs and swains
 “ proclaim,

“ And to the slighted fair impute the blame.”
 Believe

Believe me, dear Millamant, the conduct you at present pursue, will in a short time deprive you of all that admiration and esteem you are so desirous of preserving. — A man of sense can ill brook a competitor in love, who is treated with the same regard as himself, much less to be put on a level with a coxcomb. — The encouragement you give to all will lose you all; and if so, you will be as unpitied as the poets heroine.

I cannot suppose that, in your serious hours you have made any resolution against marriage: — permit me, therefore, to remind you, that it is high time for you to fix your choice, if you find any one among the number of those, who make their addresses, worthy of it: — If not, for heaven's sake, discard them all, and wait till some offer is made, to which you will have no objection: you know not but you may have some secret lover, endued with every qualification, to render you as happy as a wife can be, who may be deterred from making you an offering of his heart, while he sees you encompassed with a herd among whom he does not choose to rank himself.

But however that may be, reflect, I beseech you, how much your reputation suffers

suffers amidst these pretenders to your heart: — you will, perhaps, think it sufficient, that you are guilty of no attachment to any of them, in breach of innocence and virtue: — that you allow no liberties in prejudice to your character, or that should embolden any man to hope you might be brought to pardon the greatest he could take: — for indeed, though far be it from me to imagine you can forget yourself in this point, yet, my dear, I would have you remember, that we ought to behave so as to avoid all suspicion in the most censorious: — but put the case that none should presume to call your conduct so far in question: — supposing the world in general should allow you as innocent as I sincerely do, yet vanity and levity are of themselves sufficient blemishes of reputation, and such as, I before observed, will infallibly lose you the esteem of all men of true understanding. — Forfeit not then, those expectations of solid happiness, which your birth, beauty, fortune, and a thousand amiable qualities give you a just pretence to, for the poor, empty, transient pleasure of shewing your power over the hearts that either are, or feign themselves, devoted to you. — Cease to take pains to
 captivate :

captivate: — reserve all your cares to secure the affection of him you shall find worthy of yours; and till you are convinced there is such a one in the world, forbear wishing to be loved by any other.

I shall make no apology for the liberty I take in giving you this advice. I am confident you will believe it, what it really is, the effects of a friendship always warm and sincere in your interest, and which I hope no misunderstanding will ever break off between you and her, who is my dear Millamant,

Your's, &c.

BELLIZA.

My dear Daughter,

IN answer to your welcome letter, and the enquiries and doubts it contained, let me answer, that you can never be happy but by virtue, and scarce ever unhappy but by ill-conduct. Whoever examines themselves strictly, will find that they never had any grievous affliction but they occasioned it themselves, by some fault, or by being deficient in some duty. Anxiety always succeeds the loss of innocence, but virtue is ever attended with an inward satisfaction that is a constant spring of felicity to all its votaries.

Do

Do not, however, imagine that your only virtue is modesty: there are abundance of women that have no notion of any other; and fancy that by practising it they discharge all the duties of society: they think they have a right to neglect all the rest, and to be as proud and censorious as they please. Make nobody pay for your chastity: think rather that it is a virtue that regards only yourself, and loses its greatest lustre, if it be not attended with the other virtues. We should be very tender in our modesty: inward corruption passes from the heart to the mouth, and occasions loose discourse. The most violent passions have need of modesty to shew themselves in a seducing form; it should distinguish itself in all your actions: it should set off and embellish your person.

Let the chief part of your finery, then, be modesty; it has great advantages; it sets off beauty, and serves as a veil to ugliness: modesty is the supplement of beauty. The great misfortune of ugliness is, that it smothers and buries the merit of women. People do not go to look in a forbidding figure for the engaging qualities of the mind and heart; it is a very difficult affair, when merit must
make

make its way, and shine through a disagreeable outside.

You do not want graces to make you agreeable, but you are no beauty: this obliges you to lay up a stock of merit: The world will compliment you with nothing. Beauty inspires a pleasing sentiment which prepossesses people in its favour. If you have made no such impressions, you must expect to be taken to pieces. Take care that there be nothing in your air, or manners, to make any body think that you do not know yourself. An air of confidence in an ordinary figure is shocking enough. Let nothing in your discourse or dress look like art; at least let it not be easy to find it out. That art is the most refined that never lets itself be seen.

You are not to neglect the accomplishments and ornaments proper to make you agreeable, for women are designed to please; but you should rather think of acquiring a solid merit, than of employing yourself in trifling things. Nothing is shorter than the reign of beauty: nothing is more melancholy than the latter part of the lives of women, who never knew any thing but that they were handsome. If any body makes their court to
you

you for the sake of your agreeable accomplishments, make their regard centre in friendship, and secure the continuance of that friendship by your merits.

It is very difficult to lay down any sure rules to please. The graces without merit cannot please long; and merit without the graces, may command the esteem of men, but can never move them. Women, therefore, must have an amiable merit, and join the graces to the virtues. I do not confine the merit of women merely to modesty; I give it a much larger extent. A valuable woman exerts the manly virtues of friendship, probity and honour, in the punctual discharge of all her obligations. An amiable woman should not only have the exterior graces, but all the graces of the heart, and fine sentiments of the mind. There is nothing so hard as to please, without being so intent upon it, that it shall look a little like coquetry. Women generally please the men of the world more by their faults than their good qualities. The men are for making their advantages of the weaknesses of amiable women; they would have nothing to do with their virtues; they do not care to esteem them; they had much rather

ther be amused by persons of little or no merit, than be forced to admire such as are virtuous.

In short, my dear child, one must know human nature, if one designs to please: the men are much more affected with what is new, than what is excellent. To keep up this taste of novelty, we must have a great many resources, and various kinds of merit in ourselves: We must not stick only at the agreeable accomplishments; we must strike their fancy with a variety of graces and merits to keep up their inclinations, and make the same object afford them all the pleasures, or fancied pleasures of inconstancy.

Women are born with a violent desire to please. As they find themselves barred from all the ways that lead to glory and authority, they take another road to arrive at them, and make themselves amends by their agreeableness; yet remember there is but a very small number of years difference between a fine woman and one that is no longer so. Get over this excessive desire to please; at least keep from shewing it: but, I am sensible, my dear daughter, to a young woman of your discernment, I have said enough on these heads;

heads; and shall conclude, with subscribing myself,

Your most affectionate and tender mother,
EUPHEMIA.

As we think the subjects of the preceding letters are extremely interesting and important to the fair sex, we shall beg leave to continue them in another *letter of advice to young ladies*, in which we shall give farther rules for their avoiding those errors which we have pointed out and censured so freely in the preceding part of this volume, and which will, if persevered in, finally bring them, unpitied and unlamented, to repentance for their folly in the *Nunnery of Coquets*.

Dear Miss,

YOU are now entering upon that eminent year of your life, which poets usually represent, and the hasty imagination of young ladies always believes, to be the beginning of women. The bloom of fifteen has been the constant topic among all ode writers and sonnetteers, and I dare say your heart has borne testimony to their panegyrics by many joyful emotions. The world is now opening on your mind; you begin to dream of conquests,
flames,

flames, arrows, and all the equipage of love; you find a more sensible joy in the survey of your own person, and are attentive to catch the gestures of every coquette it is your misfortune to fall in company with. Hitherto in all visits you have been considered and treated only as an attendant upon your mamma, but now you assume a character of your own; the men address conversation to you, and flatter you into a conceit of what you are but too ready of yourself to believe, your own importance. Joined to your beauty, you have likewise a lively imagination, which according to your right or wrong management of it, will prove your greatest happiness or misfortune, and make you either a very agreeable woman, or a most impertinent coquette. The design, therefore, of this letter is to point out to you some of the more striking errors of your sex; for I am unfashionable and odd enough to believe, that there never was any set of customs so almost wholly wrong, as those which govern the female world: by which I would not be understood to mean the grand prejudices which are inculcated for very wise reasons, but that almost endless number of useless forms and fopperies, that

that are thought essential to the education and behaviour of a young lady.

Your reading, I dare say, has been, like that of all other young ladies, entirely employed upon novels and romances; and what is worse, I am afraid you have made such a progress in Fairy-land, and are so highly enamoured of these writings, that so far from being reclaimed by what I shall say, you will think it a kind of blasphemy. And yet what has a young lady to do among the dens of dragons? It seems to me very inconsistent that one who screams at a spider, and is ready to counterfeit fear upon all other occasions, should in this one instance be so remarkably courageous, as voluntarily to offer herself to all the monsters of the desert. But the secret is near at hand; you are delighted with the high-strained encomiums which these empty writers pay to your sex, and ravished to see valorous knights, the flower of chivalry, deifying some Parthenissa of their affections, sighing at her feet, and undertaking the greatest dangers at her command. How apt all this is to catch hold of your imagination, and fill your head with fancied notions of superiority, is but too manifest, for believe me, after all you are no goddess;

deff; and whatever opinion of yourself the impertinence of romances, or the foolish admiration of lovers may flatter you into, you are still a mere frail woman, without any other superiority than what the customs of the world, and the complaisance of men has granted you. I would, therefore, advise you to let the parson of your parish perform the office which Don Quixotte's priest did upon a like occasion, immediately to weed your study of all romances, and condemn at once to the flames whatever tends to the encouragement of this silly vanity. This terrible blow will, I know, be a cruel affliction to you, and therefore to comfort you a little under it, I am willing you should retain some of the better novels, such as Marianne, and a few others. Perhaps you will complain that I have not left you reading enough to fill up your time in your country retirement, when you are at a loss for other amusements; but what if you should endeavour to read something that might improve your mind, as well as play upon your imagination? Believe me, the thing is not so very impossible, and I have heard some of the few sensible women in the world declare, that after trial they have not found their understandings so weak
and

and insufficient as they are represented to be. But then beware after this you do not affect the character of a learned lady, which is of all other affectations the most odious in a woman, inasmuch as the customs of the world have excused you from science, and the only end of female reading is to make you agreeable in conversation, and prudent in your behaviour; not to set you up as scholars and philosophers.

Religion is so unequally divided among you, some having too little, and some too much, that I am at a loss what kind of directions to give you on this head. At present I would caution you against atheism, at least the affectation of it, which of late years is become a topic of shining, as it is called, as much among our young ladies as our young gentlemen; a vanity extremely ridiculous in both, though more impertinent, if possible, and absurd in women. But if I should have occasion to write to you fifteen or twenty years hence, and you should still be unmarried, I would then bid you beware of the contrary extreme, too much devotion, which is the usual refuge after a disappointment in love. But let me not suggest to you any such ill omens of futurity: At present

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sent

sent 'tis sufficient to recommend to you a quiet unaffected piety, which never shews itself in ostentation, nor breaks out in reproaches against those, who, by some turn in their education, differ from you either in the opinions or practice of religion.

Let us next consider the passion of love; and here, after what has been said above, I hope you will not expect your admirers to treat you with that High Borlace respect, which the Quixottes of old paid to their Dulcineas in romance. Or if after all you are still unwilling to discharge the band of little Cupidshovering round you, and give up your pretensions to all that heightened imagery which novelists make use of in describing you, I must refer you to Sir Richard Steele's play of the Tender Husband, where a young lady of this character is admirably painted, and that Gothic taste of love ridiculed, with as much success as chivalry was by the great Cervantes himself. You may likewise see this kind of folly very well rallied in Mr. Fielding's Pasquin, where a mayor's frippery daughter, fully persuaded of her own importance in the creation, and being at a loss for some amusement, cries out, "O that
 " my lover was here now, that I might
 " have the pleasure of using him like a
 " dog."

“dog.” — As therefore you hope to be married, let me advise you to behave to your admirers with a decent reservedness indeed, but without any scornful affectation, and ridiculous haughtiness in your manner: for believe me, men are not such desperate inamoratos now as they were formerly; no lovers hang themselves on willow trees in our days; the thing is quite out of fashion: on the contrary, the turn of our young gentlemen in the present age is evidently against marriage, and therefore you had need exert all your arts and graces to get the better of this prevailing humour, rather than encourage it by your own behaviour.

I would likewise recommend to you an easy demeanor to men in general, so as neither to be too open or too restrained. If men will give their conversation an improper turn in your presence, and persecute you with double entendres, which indeed make a great part of modern wit, I would advise you rather to let it pass off with a seeming carelessness and inattention, than to blush with the over-nice prudery of the last age, or to receive it with that gaiety of countenance which the French have introduced among us in our own age.

Another fashion that our ladies borrow from France, is the admitting men to your toilets in morning visits. But surely the gallantry of our young gentlemen is not so backward, as to require the provocation of a bed, and other incentives in view: a parlour would, I think, be much decenter; and I am sure much safer for the reception of such visits; otherwise the wise precaution of our law-givers, to guard all the avenues of female honour, is vain and useless, when we are thus admitted into your *Penetralia*, and allowed to be present at your mysteries. These are the freedoms, I am apt to think, which in the end furnish out those prodigies of lewdness we so often see among our women of quality; and nothing can be of more use than to discourage this loose spirit in its first appearance. It is in vain to say, that good-breeding will restrain us from any indecent liberties; believe me there is no young man who does not find great temptation from the sight of a bed, and though good-breeding may withhold him from any desperate attack upon your virtue, yet he may consistently with it manage a secret design against you; and when he has gradually insinuated himself into your affections, nothing

is wanting but some such golden opportunity to accomplish it.

But as liable as our modern ladies are to err in this extreme, there are nevertheless some instances among you of an awkward ill-grounded modesty: little miss is taught very early by her nurse and school mistress, to be extremely private in her retirements, and to conceal as much as possible from men all her necessities of nature, which would tend to diminish the goddess in our conceptions: we are to believe, I suppose, that what abounds in ladies, transpires invisibly, according to the account which Milton gives of his angel; but, alas! it happens often that by the great pains taken to disguise these matters, you make them more notorious. When a lady is obliged to withdraw out of a room, (because forsooth custom does not allow her to retire quietly and alone) she is to give signals of distress to others that are present, and make a party as it were to her chamber; immediately the glance catches round the room, up they all start, and run out with an affected giggle. Now I dare say, if the votes of men were taken, a great majority would declare against this artifice, which instead of hiding your design, forces it more strongly

on our observation, and suggests to us many disgusting ideas besides. Let me advise you, therefore, never to sacrifice real decency to the false appearance of it, and be assured, that excepting some half-bred Templars, or some lewd old frips, both which you would do well to avoid, nobody will press your modesty with remarks on such necessary actions of your life.

I hope you will be wise enough never to affect that snip-snap flippancy and empty pertness in conversation, which misses are too much pleased with, especially if they have not had a good education, mistaking it for wit and humour. There is not, I believe, any race of animals in the creation so thoroughly contemptible and ridiculous as what are called Misses, bred up in this half-paced gentility; and who, though their understandings never can rise beyond a lappet or a ruffle, have yet the vanity to think themselves wits, and capable of entertaining company. If the utmost malice were employed in inventing torments for a sensible man, nothing, I think, could give him so much pain, as the being surrounded by half a dozen of these impertinents, and obliged to listen to their conceited talkativeness.

It

It is worth your while to be extremely cautious in the choice of your acquaintance, and above all, backward in making female friendships; for though we do now and then meet with a Cælia and a Rosalind, such amiable characters as Shakspeare has represented them in his *As You like it*, yet I believe your memory will tell you, that in most of our comedies, where female friendships are mentioned, it has always been with ridicule and contempt. The meer insipidness of their conversation, if no other ill consequences attended, should be sufficient to deter you; for I have often thought, and observation has proved it to be true, that those women are constantly the most illiberal in their sentiments, trifling in their talk, and unamiable in their manner, who have chiefly conversed with their own sex.

But though I recommend you to the acquaintance of men, and think the conversation of the sexes extremely useful to each other, yet I would not advise you to pass your whole time among us, no more than I would a man to give himself up entirely to the company of women. It is this extreme, which furnishes out the fribbles and hoydens for our stage, two

characters equally ridiculous and alike to be avoided ! and here I cannot help observing, that the masculine temper seems to have spread much of late years among our ladies ; so that instead of cautioning you against the affectation of cowardice, which was the vice of your grandmothers, it will rather be necessary to check that enterprizing spirit, which some modern heroines have recommended to the imitation of the town. Instead of needle work and other domestic amusements, our nymphs, like the Amazons of antiquity, are employed in manly exercises, such as hunting, rowing, and many cavalier diversions ; as if the humorous transformation Swift describes to have happened in the Annus Mirabilis, had really taken place. But let me tell you, in the name of our whole sex, that we are discontented at the encroachments you are making upon us ; for though the stiff formality and affected softness of women in the last age, were undoubtedly very troublesome, yet, sure, to run such lengths in the contrary character, is equally faulty. And indeed, I often divert myself with thinking what a deal of amazement would be expressed on both sides, if half a dozen of our grandmothers

thers were to rise from their graves, with ruffs round their necks, and nightrails over their shoulders, and be introduced at a modern rout, how would the young ladies laugh at the prim looks of the old, and how would the old be shocked at the licentious behaviour of their daughters! It will be most prudent, therefore, to keep the middle way, leaving primness to justices wives in the country, and at the same time avoiding that extravagant flightiness so much admired about the court.

There is another affectation too common among fine ladies, I mean the treating the whole race of mankind, excepting the gayer circles about St. James's, with an unjustifiable contempt, calling them "brutes, creatures, nobody one knows." But let me tell you, though I foresee it will occasion a laugh, there are many good people in the world, whose faces are not known, or but little, in the polite assemblies of the town. It is true, a sensible man is rendered a more agreeable companion, by now and then taking a view of the diversions in fashion, but you are not to treat him as a wild Arab, because his fortune will not permit him to go the rounds of routs, and drums, and

to be ready to hand you to your coach at every place of resort. There is, indeed, always a race of young fellows, who from a vanity of keeping good company, lavish their little fortunes at once, and thrust themselves foremost in all public places; but the constant fate of these pretenders is, that after having fluttered a few years about town, they disappear at once, and either fly their country for debt, or make their exit in a gaol. I have been told, that before the breaking out of the war, the south parts of France swarmed with these fashionable exiles, whom poverty had banished from their native country.

But the most necessary advice of all, and which I have reserved to the last, is, that you would consider the part of your life following marriage will, in all probability, be much longer than that before it; and therefore you will hereafter think your time not ill bestowed in furnishing yourself with such accomplishments, as may not only catch the affections of a lover, but likewise secure the esteem of a husband. The reverse of this is true of most young ladies, who set up marriage as the grand aim of life, and so they attain to this, never bestow one serious thought

thought on what may happen afterwards. It is an undiscovered country, through which they trust to Providence to conduct them, and set out on their journey with great eagerness, unprovided of all necessities to support them in it. Whoever will in the least attend to the education of our young ladies, will perceive that almost the whole of what they are taught consists in a few trifling accomplishments, that concern the person merely, and which usually grow out of character after marriage. And can we wonder then, that after the charms of youth are worn off, and these little amusements are become improper, they appear not only in the eyes of their husbands, but of every body, such entirely unamiable creatures, destitute of every other accomplishment that might recommend them?

These few sketches of advice you will perceive to be very imperfect, but as they flow from a good design, I have too good an opinion both of your temper and understanding, not to believe you will make allowances accordingly, and your own observation will help to improve these hints every year. That you may possess
all

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all the qualifications Shakespeare gives to his Rosalind in these excellent lines :

Helen's cheeks, but not her heart,
Cleopatra's majesty,
Atalanta's better part,
Sad Lucretia's modesty ;

shall be the wish and prayer of
Yours, &c.

The following directions to the ladies in the choice of a husband, are a proper supplement to the sensible advice given our fair readers in the preceding letter.

I T has been universally allowed, and with great reason, that between persons who marry there should be some degree of equality, with respect to age and condition. Those who violate a known truth, deserve the infelicity they incur : I shall, therefore, only labour to preserve innocence by detecting error.

With the ladies it is a kind of general maxim, " that the best husband is a reformed rake ;" a maxim which they have probably derived from comedies and novels, in which such a husband is commonly the reward of female merit. But the belief of this maxim is an incontestible

testible proof, that with the true character of a rake the ladies are wholly unacquainted. "They have, indeed, heard
 " of a wild young gentleman, who
 " would rake about the town, and take
 " up his lodging at a bagnio; who had
 " told many a girl a pretty story, that was
 " fool enough to believe him; and had a
 " right to many a child that did not call
 " him father: but that in some of these
 " frolics he thought no harm, and for
 " others he had sufficiently suffered." But let the Adventurer be believed, these are words of dreadful import, and should always be thus understood:

" To rake about town and lodge at a
 " bagnio, is to associate with the vilest
 " and most abandoned of human beings;
 " it is to become familiar with blasphemy
 " and lewdness, and frequently to sport
 " with the most deplorable misery: to
 " tell pretty stories to credulous girls, is
 " to deceive the simplicity of innocence
 " by cunning and falsehood: to be the father
 " of a nameless progeny, is to desert
 " those whose tears only can implore
 " the protection, to which of all others
 " they have the strongest and the tenderest
 " claim: it is more than to be a
 " man without affection, it is, to be a
 " brute

“ brute without instinct: to think no
 “ harm in some of these frolics, is to have
 “ worn out all sensibility of the difference
 “ between right and wrong; and to have
 “ suffered for others is to have a body
 “ contaminated with diseases, which in
 “ some degree are certainly transmitted
 “ to posterity.”

It is to be hoped, that the mere exhibition of this picture will be sufficient to deter the ladies from precluding happiness by marrying the original; and from discouraging virtue, by making vice necessary to the character which they prefer.

But they frequently act upon another principle, which though not equally fatal and absurd, may yet produce great infelicity.

When the rake is excluded, it will be generally supposed, that superior intellectual abilities ought always to determine the choice. “ A man of fine sense,
 “ is, indeed, a character of great dignity;
 “ ty; and the ladies have always been
 “ advised to prefer this to every other,
 “ as it includes a capacity to bestow
 “ that refined, exalted, and permanent
 “ felicity, which alone is worthy of a rational being.” But I think it probable,

ble, that this advice, however specious, has been often given for no other reason, than because to give it, flattered the vanity of the writer, who fondly believed he was drawing his own character, and exciting the envy and admiration of his readers. This advice, however, the ladies universally affect to approve, and probably for a similar reason; since every one imagines, that to hold intellectual excellence in high estimation, is to demonstrate that she possesses it.

As he that would persuade, should be scrupulously careful not to offend, I will not insinuate that there are any ladies, by whom the peculiar beauties of an exalted understanding cannot be discerned; and who have not, therefore, a capacity for half the pleasure which it can bestow. And yet I think there is another excellence which is more essential to conjugal felicity, Good Nature.

I know that good nature has, like Socrates, been ridiculed in the habit of folly; and that folly has been dignified by the name of good-nature. But by good-nature I do not mean that flexible imbecility of mind which complies with every request, and inclines a man at once to accompany an acquaintance to a brothel

thel at the expence of his health, and to keep an equipage for a wife at the expence of his estate. Persons of this disposition have seldom more benevolence than fortitude, and frequently perpetrate deliberate cruelty.

In true good-nature, there is neither the acrimony of spleen, nor the fullness of malice; it is neither clamorous nor fretful, neither easy to be offended, nor impatient to revenge; it is a tender sensibility, a participation of the pains and pleasures of others; and is therefore a forcible and constant motive to communicate happiness and alleviate misery.

As human nature is, from whatever cause, in a state of great imperfection, it is surely to be desired, that a person whom it is most our interest to please, should not see more of this imperfection than we do ourselves.

I shall perhaps be told, that "a man of sense can never use a woman ill." The latter part of this proposition is a phrase of very extensive and various signification: whether a man of sense can "use a woman ill," I will not enquire; but I shall endeavour to shew, that he may make her extremely wretched.

Persons

Persons of keen penetration and great delicacy of sentiment, as they must necessarily be more frequently offended than others, so, as a punishment for the offence, they can inflict more exquisite pain, because they can wound with more poignant reproach: and by him, whom good-nature does not restrain from retaliating the pain that he feels, the offence, whether voluntary or not, will always be thus punished.

If this punishment is suffered with silence, confusion, and tears, it is possible that the tyrant may relent; but this, like the remorse of a murderer, is too late: the dread of incurring the same anguish by a like fault, will substitute for the smile of cheerfulness, that sunshine of beauty, the glooms of doubt, solicitude, and anxiety; the offence will notwithstanding be again repeated; the punishment, the distress, and the remorse, will again return; because error is involuntary, and anger is not restrained. If the reproach is retorted, and whether it was deserved becomes the subject of debate, the consequences are yet more dreadful: after a vain attempt to shew an incongruity, which can no more be perceived than sounds by the deaf, the husband will
be

be insulted for causeless and capricious displeasure, and the wife for folly, perverseness, and obstinacy. In these circumstances, what will become of “the refined, the exalted, and the permanent felicity, which alone is worthy of reasonable beings, and which elevated geniuses only can bestow.”

That this conduct is by a man of sense known to be wrong, I am content to allow: but it must also be granted, that the discernment of wrong is not always a propensity to right; and that if pain was never inflicted, but when it was known to produce salutary effects, mankind would be much more happy than they are.

Good-nature, therefore, if intellectual excellence cannot atone for the want of it, must be admitted as the highest personal merit. If, without it, wisdom is not kind, without it, folly must be brutal. Let it, therefore, be once more repeated, “The quality most essential to conjugal felicity, is Good Nature.” And surely, whatever accidental difference there may happen to be in the conceptions or judgment of a husband and wife, if neither can give pain or pleasure without feeling it themselves, it is easy
to

to perceive which sensation they will concur to produce.

It may now be expected that I should give some general rules, by which the ladies may discover the disposition of those by whom they are addressed: but it is extremely difficult to detect malevolence amidst the assiduities of courtship, and to distinguish the man under that almost inscrutable disguise the lover. Good Nature, however, is not indicated by the fulsome fawning of a perpetual grin, the loud laughter which almost anticipates the jest, or the constant echo of every sentiment; neither is it safe to trust the appearance of profuse liberality, or busy officiousness. Let it rather be remarked, how the lover is affected by incidents in which the lady is not concerned; what is his behaviour to his immediate dependants, and whether they approach him with a slavish timidity, or with the chearful reverence of voluntary servitude. Is he ever merry at the expence of another? or does he ever attempt thus to excite mirth in his mistress? Does he mention the absent with candor, and behave to those who are present with a manly complacency? By a diligent attendance to these circumstances, perhaps
a probable

a probable judgment may be formed of his character.

To conclude with a general remark ; Good Nature is not of less importance to ourselves than to others. The morose and petulant first feel the anguish that they give: reproach, revilings, and invective, are but the overflowings of their own infelicity, and are constantly again forced back upon their source. Sweetness of temper is not, indeed, an acquired, but a natural, excellence, and therefore, to recommend it to those who have it not, may be deemed rather an insult than advice. But let that which in happier nature is instinct, in these be reason; let them pursue the same conduct, impelled by a nobler motive. As the sourness of the crab enhances the value of the graft, so that which on its parent plant is Good Nature, will on a less kindly stock be improved into virtue. No action by which others receive pleasure or pain, is indifferent: the sacred rule, "Do that to others which ye would others should do to you," extends to every deed; and "every word shall be brought into judgment."

Adventurer.

We

We shall conclude this volume with the Anatomy of the Pericranium of a Coquette, extracted from a Journal of an *Invisible Spy*, now resident in this Metropolis.

ON the fourteenth day of this month, October, in the year 1770, I repaired to Grosvenor Square, where entering the pineal gland of that celebrated coquette lady ———, I made directly to the highest part of it, which is the seat of the understanding, expecting to find there all the delicacy, sympathy, and tenderness of the sex, tempered with a just knowledge of science and the world, formed by a good education, and the perusal of our best authors; but I found the place narrower than ordinary, inso-much that there was not room for reflection, as it was stuffed with billet-doux, lampoons, sonnets and acrostics.

I was hereby compelled to descend a story lower, into the imagination, which I found larger, indeed, but cold and comfortless. I discovered *Prejudice*, in the figure of a female, standing in one corner, with her eyes close shut, and her fore fingers stuck in her ears; many words in a confused order, but spoke with great emphasis,

emphasis, issued from her mouth. These being condensed by the coldness of the place, formed a sort of mist, through which I thought I saw a great castle, with a fortification cast round it, and a tower adjoining, that appeared to be filled with horsewhips, straps, and racks, upon which was inscribed, *the comforts of matrimony, or the tyranny of husbands*. Beneath the castle I could discern vast dungeons, and all about it lay scattered the bones of women. It seemed to be garrisoned by certain men in black of gigantic stature, and most terrific forms. But as I drew near the terror of the appearance vanished, and the castle I found to be only a church, whose steeple with the clock and bell ropes, was mistaken for a tower, with racks and horsewhips. The terrible giants in black shrunk into a few innocent clergymen, going to perform the conjugal ceremony. The dungeons were turned into vaults, designed only for the habitation of the dead; and the fortification proved to be a church-yard with some scattered bones in it, and a plain stone wall round it.

I had not been long here, before my curiosity was raised by a loud noise that I heard in the inferior region. Descending

ing thither, I found a mob of the Passions assembled in a riotous manner. Their tumultuary proceedings soon convinced me that they affected a democracy. After much noise and wrangling, they at length all hearkened to VANITY, who proposed raising a great number of forces, which she was to lead against all mankind, who were to be conquered and captivated.

Away posted *Vanity*, and I after her, to the store-house of ideas, where I perceived innumerable inanimate things. Among the foremost of these were cosmetics, washes, rouge, têtes a-la-greque, jewels, cards and hearts; there were also servants, brilliant liveries and magnificent equipages: these were confusedly thrown together; but upon the approach of Vanity, the servants and equipages began to move, and drove so fast, that I had some apprehensions for her ladyship's and my own safety. A lover appeared with a wedding ring in his hand; but upon the sight of the paint and cards, he turned short upon his heel, and became invisible. I own, I was myself so disgusted, that I could no longer keep my post, but hurried away to my chamber in Lincoln's-Inn.

The Invisible Spy.

F I N I S.

